

# New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1875, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE (One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year... 2.00.  
Two copies, one year 5.00.

No. 281.

## FALSE AND TRUE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

In a silent, darkened room,  
Prisoning much of somber gloom,  
Lies the shrouded shape of death;  
Folded hands and silent breath,  
Hidden eyes, and peaceful lips,  
In your strange and weird eclipse  
There is something awful—grand,  
Like the shadow of God's hand!

Comes a woman, stately, cold,  
Black robes falling fold on fold  
To her feet, as if her woe  
Could be worn in outward show.  
That all men might see, and say,  
"How she mourns for him today!"  
But no tears are in her eyes,  
And no sorrow breaks in sighs  
O'er her lips. Ah, what can she?  
Black robes are but mockery.

Comes a woman plainly clad,  
Fearful, timid, pale and sad,  
Lifts the face-cloth from the dead—  
Sinks beside him, with her head  
Lying on the peaceful breast  
Of the sleeper touched with rest.  
"Oh, I loved you so!" she cries,  
Great tears falling from her eyes  
On the dead face! "Oh, how well  
My poor words can never tell!"

On the morrow prayers are said  
For the living and the dead,  
For the woman, stately cold,  
Whose great grief is uncontrolled!  
Ah! a veil can hide away  
Faces like a mask to-day!  
Look beneath her veil, and see  
Grief that is but a mockery.

In a corner sits alone  
One who seems from marble grown;  
Silent, still, sits she there,  
Hearing neither hymn nor prayer,  
Saying over with white lips,  
"He is dead," while great tears slip  
O'er her cheeks! Ah! grief like hers  
God's great heart to pity stirs.

Well, so runs the world away;  
False things make the most display.

## Love in a Maze:

OR,  
THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,  
AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-  
GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

### PART I.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### THE COQUETTE'S COUNSEL.

Two maidens, in the bloom of youth, were in a front chamber of a large and splendid mansion on Madison avenue, late one afternoon in December, 186—

One was reclining on a sofa covered with amber-colored silk, looking at some papers lying on a table before her. Her form was exquisitely symmetrical, and rounded into slight embonpoint; her features were piquant and pretty, and her complexion a clear olive with a rich rose-tint in the cheeks. Her eyes were long, almond-shaped, dark hazel, and shaded by black lashes, corresponding with the penciled line of eyebrows, and the jetty rings clustering on her forehead. From this low forehead the masses of raven hair were brushed back and laid in a massive coil on the top of her head. Every look that could escape from this confinement curled in willful defiance of order, adding a picturesque grace of its own to the dusky framing of the face.

Her companion sat in a cushioned easy-chair, holding a small hand-mirror, in which she was contemplating the coiffure she had just finished. It was a simple one; her hair waved, without clustering in rings, and was brown, with a tinge of chestnut. It was brushed back, and the light ringlets hung on either side to her neck. Her face was interesting from the depth of character it revealed. The features were strongly outlined, but classic in regularity, and were marked by a pensive expression in repose; though they lighted up into beauty when she smiled. Her complexion was fair and clear, without color, except when it was called up by some transient excitement.

The habitual air was thoughtful and earnest, in contrast to the changeable spirit of her friend, whose mirth would burst forth as suddenly and brightly as the flash of April sunshine, while joy danced in her dusky eyes, and her clear, ringing laugh infected all in her presence.

Miss Ruhama Seaforth laughed a great deal, and too often at what others thought grave matters. She could be angry, too, and curl her lip scornfully, and look as haughty as any queen who ever walked the stage; but she more frequently found subjects for merriment than indignation.

In short, Ruhama might be called a butterfly or a fairy, or anything that suited a poet's fancy, expressive of her habit of roving from one attractive scene to another in search of amusement.

Olive Weston more aptly represented a peri, or a wood-nymph, of the floating, contemplative, meditative order.

These two girls had formed a close friendship at school, and promised each other, when the time for parting came, to maintain it through life. Their studies had been the same, and their social position—in different circles—was equal, though fortune had been diverse in her gifts.

Ruhama Seaforth was the daughter of a wealthy banker, and the party to come off that evening was to be given in her own drawing-rooms. She had sent for Olive to spend two or three days with her, that together they might superintend the making of their ball

dresses, and the decorative arrangements generally. The girl's mother had died when she was a child, and a spinster aunt superintended the household.

Miss Weston's father was a lawyer, in good practice, but having no fortune. His residence was a handsome country-seat some ten miles up the Hudson, and looking on the river from the summit of a green slope sprinkled with shade-trees.

Olive's mother was an invalid, and on her account the family made frequent visits to the city in cold weather, stopping at one of the hotels for several days at a time.

Both the young girls had been introduced into society, and had mingled in the gayeties of a metropolitan winter since they had left school.

When her mother was not well enough to chaperone her, Olive went out with some friend; often with Mrs. Blount and her daughter Emily, neighbors of her parents, who spent all the winter months in town.

It would be hard to say whether Ruhama or Olive had been most admired. Their style of beauty was so very different.

In point of mental cultivation Miss Weston was superior, for she inherited her father's literary tastes, and spent much of her time in judicious reading. She was accustomed also to read to her mother, who loved poetry and the drama; and, possessing a native dramatic faculty, had become artistic in her elocution.

Both girls had fine musical culture, though neither had extraordinary talent for the art. "Now, child," said Olive, after an unusual silence, "it is time for you to try on your dress."

"I will send for lights," answered Ruhama. "The silk must be seen by gaslight, you know. Have you tried yours?"

"Yes; and the alterations are made."

"Then ring the bell, please, and let Ada bring my dress."

The gas was lighted, the shutters were closed, and the amber silk curtains lowered. Their sweeping folds corresponded with the delicate rich ground-work of the carpet, which was set off by large bouquets of roses, tulips, and other bright flowers, with leaves of vivid green.

The wardrobe, bureau, and large pieces of furniture were of polished rosewood; the Psyche glass reflected the full length figure; and the rest of the furniture corresponded in splendor.

The surroundings well matched the beauty of the two fair creatures, who had both made their entrance into life with such promise of success.

After the dresses were fitted and pronounced perfect, they were taken off, and the two sat to dinner, served in their room on this occasion. There was half an hour yet for lounging before the momentous business of dressing need be commenced. The talk they fell into will help to show the character of each.

"You say you never cared to be a belle, Olive," observed Ruhama. "Now, don't play sentimental to-night. Suppose we change characters? I will be gentle and dignified, and you shall sport coquetry."

"I am quite ignorant of the art."

"Oh, it is easy enough! It is the perfume to the rose; the color to the violet; the music to the strings of an instrument. You can keep a score of admirers in suspense at the same time."

"You are not so heartless, Ruhama, as to think that a triumph!"

"Ah, you need not look so demure! Come,

I am resolved you shall begin this evening to taste the joy of flirtation! I will play into your hands. There is Tom Wyatt, for one—But why do you color so? Olive—naughty girl, you have been keeping a secret from me. You dare not say you are engaged to Tom!"

"No, Ruhama, for it would not be true!"

"Then why do you blush like a milkmaid, I should like to know?"

"Not because I care for him," returned Olive, with a little laugh of embarrassment. "But—"

"But what? Come, you will have to confess. You cannot hide anything from me that I will not dig out. Ah! I remember now; Tom's messenger brought something to you yesterday afternoon; what was it? You did not tell me of anything, and I forgot to ask."

"It was not worth your being curious about, Ruhama!"

"It was, if you make a mystery of it; and you look as guilty as possible, this very minute. Come, what was it?"

"Only a letter."

"Only a letter! And what had Mr. Tom to write to you about? You may as well tell me, Olive, for if you don't I shall ask him."

She had taken Olive by the shoulders, and peered into her face with a comical expression of determined authority.

Miss Weston drew a note from her pocket. "Here it is," she said. "Read it, and be discreet, I beg of you, for once in your life, Ruhama."

The girl took the dainty little missive, and looked suddenly serious. "A declaration of love! Drawn up in regular form. Good in love and law!"

"Give it back to me!"

And taking it from her friend's hand, Olive twisted the note up, lighted it at the gas-jet, and when it was in a blaze threw it on the hearth under the polished grate.

"Did I ever see such coolness!" exclaimed Ruhama. "Burn a love-letter in that style! You must be a heartless girl!"

"An avowal of love ought to be put out of sight and out of mind, too, unless—"

"Unless the love is returned! And what answer did you send to this? Or have you sent any?"

"Certainly! I sent a prompt refusal."

"A refusal! Poor Tom! Well, I never dreamed of this! I never thought Tom's wings were clipped."

"It was a great surprise to me, I assure you. If I had ever flirted with him, I should blame myself severely."

"No; I have done all the flirting. And to think he should propose to you, and not to me!"

"Do you care for him, Ruhama?"

"Not the toss of a glove! But I own to a little mortification. Tom is a dead flirt himself, and, considering the sport we have had, it does astonish me that he should go and send you such a matter-of-fact, hearty, passionate declaration! The words seemed to burn! I did not give him credit for such depth of nature. He was always light and frivolous with me. To think you should have been the one to bring such a rich heart to the surface and the light!"

"If you could not love him, Ruhama, you surely cannot wish for the opportunity of refusing him!"

"Oh, no! I never had the least desire to hurt his feelings; not the least in the world! I did not know he had any to speak of; and I confess to a little disappointment. He was such an excellent subject for coquetry."

"Ruhama, you wrong yourself by pretending to be such a coquette."

"A coquette!" cried the girl, resuming her vivacity. "Oh, a coquette is like a butterfly, roving from flower to flower and sipping the sweets of all, while his own wings are unfettered. Variety prevents the taste from being cloyed or wearied; and the dread of losing the airy, dancing phantom stimulates to a perpetual chase. Only try it, Olive, for once!"

"What would be the worth of success?"

"It is the most potent love-charm in the world. You have heard of such things?"

"I read of one in a French novel."

"And I found a pretty story of one in my Italian lesson. One of Count Montagnolo's daughters, Giulia, had a gold bodkin of a witch, and wore it in her hair. The spell caused a Marchese to transfer his affections from his betrothed bride to Giulia, and he would have married her, but, somehow, she offended the witch the night before her wedding; the bodkin fell out of her hair and the charm was broken. So the Marchese returned to his first love."

"The moral of your story proves the evil of such arts."

"Oh, no! The power of the charm was indisputable!"

Olive shook her head.

"I am determined, my dear, that you shall carry the spell to-night. If no other consideration will move you, let me tell you, you are too lovely to be spared by the shafts of envy; and we shall have some wallflowers in the party."

I know all about a certain person's attentions to you; and I do not want to be noticed as the friend of the poor girl who is in love with a man who cares so little about her. That would be a variation of 'the house that Jack built' not at all to my mind."

"Ruhama!" exclaimed Olive, with a look of surprise and reproach.

"There, don't be angry! It doesn't become your style at all! It suits mine better. I will do all the resentment for you. Come; it is time for us to dress; and here comes the maid to help us."

#### CHAPTER II.

##### THE TWO SISTERS.

A LONELY district of sterile land stretches for miles along a part of the coast overlooking the wild and stormy Atlantic.

It is a broad bluff; the face of the cliff being for the most part sheer, precipitous, and piled with broken rocks. The ground is only cultivated in spots here and there; the rest is a dreary waste, with only a sparse growth of trees, half denuded of their leaves even in summer by the fierce blasts that sweep the common.

At barren intervals were seen detached dwellings of logs or stone, inhabited by wreckers, a disreputable class, always ready to reap their harvest from the woes of the unfortunate, though boastful that on many occasions they had saved the lives of the drowning, while seeking to rob them of the plunder the waves had spared.

A remote and gloomy-looking house of large size, and sheltered by a few old trees, with a spacious garden in the rear, stood half a mile back from the bluff, looking seaward.

This house had been for years the residence of a retired merchant, a little past middle age. His name was Rashleigh. He had come from the city, it was rumored, in disgust at the ways of the world; for he indulged his misanthropical tastes by secluding himself from the

society of his fellow-men. The neighbors said he had accumulated enough to live on without labor; for his supplies were brought regularly from the city to the nearest railway station, and fetched thence in his wagon, which he drove with a single horse. He lived with his wife, and a colored woman who did the work of the household. Silas, the man-servant, who usually went to market, and occasionally of errands, had shortly before left the house.

The habits of Bennet Rashleigh being so unsocial, he never welcomed a guest. It was the opinion of many who knew him that he had been guilty of some fraudulent transaction, by which he had acquired, if not wealth, at least competence, and that the consciousness of ill-desert had given him this misanthropical tendency.

His wife seemed even a more extraordinary person. It was known that the pair did not live in harmony; but all were ready to aver that disagreement could not be the woman's fault. She had never been known to return answers to the jibes or reproofs hurled at her by her husband, nor to show resentment at ill usage. His naturally sullen and churlish temper was aggravated by intemperate habits, and scenes often occurred which severely tried the wife's patience. But she bore all meekly, fulfilling all her household duties with care and exactness.

With her own hands she prepared the dainties often required by the master at his meals, and even his bowl of toddy at night. If it were not hot and ready for him when he returned from a walk, he would growl and storm at the uncomplaining creature; and she would bear in silence what would have roused her negro assistant to a sharp retort.

Some incidents that had occurred ten years before had given her strengthened motives for self-control and reticence. They were then living in the same dwelling; but the dame's habits were more active, and she was in the practice of making excursions to the city, though at rare intervals.

On one of these, she was detained later in the afternoon than usual. It was near dark when she left a shop where she had purchased various materials for clothing. Carrying her parcels, she turned the next corner on her way to the ferry, when she saw a slender form leaning against a pile of boxes, apparently faint with exhaustion. Something in the air of the young stranger for she was evidently youthful—showed her superiority to the common vagrant.

Mrs. Rashleigh went to her assistance.

"Lean on me, madam; you are ill! Shall I help you into the shop?"

The wan face turned slowly toward her. A cry burst from the pale lips.

"Letty!" exclaimed the stranger.

At the same instant Letty had recognized the forlorn one.

"Albertine!" she exclaimed. "Can this be you?"

She clasped the drooping form in her arms and placed it upon one of the boxes, which she arranged as a seat. With tears, embraces, and endearing words, she gathered to her heart the sister she had not seen for five long years.

"And he who enticed you to fly with him from your home left you to perish thus!" Mrs. Rashleigh moaned, in her sympathetic distress.

"He—my husband? Oh, Letty, how you wrong him!" murmured her sister. "I am too weak to tell you now; I have not tasted food to-day; let me go home to my child!"

"I will go with you, Albertine, dear. Only wait a moment."

She hurried into the grocery close by, and returned with a bottle of wine and some biscuits. She persuaded her sister to taste them, and motioned for an empty carriage that was passing, to which her parcels were transferred.

They drove to a poor tenement house near the river, which was now the home of the unhappy Albertine.

As they ascended the rickety stairs to her room, she stopped at one of the landings, where a kind neighbor had kept her little daughter. The child was asleep on the bed. The mother took her in her arms, and Letty helped to carry her up-stairs.

There, in the scantily-furnished room, with the fair child still asleep on the pallet of straw, Albertine told her story. Her antecedents were these:

She had lived with Letty after the marriage of the elder sister; but Rashleigh's tyranny made his home utterly distasteful to the girl; and she yielded to the persuasions of a lover whom the churlish brother-in-law had forbidden the house, and eloped with him.

"See, I have our marriage certificate, with that of my child's birth and baptism," she said, showing some papers she took out of a yellow box. "Charlie was kind—oh, how kind to me! and I was happy, though we were so very poor!"

"Why did you not write to me?" asked the elder sister, through her fast-falling tears.

"I did; I wrote several times. Is it possible you did not get my letters?"

"Rashleigh must have destroyed them. He was so angry at your marriage. He had made another match for you, with one of his rich friends."

"I thought, Letty, after that, you did not care to hear of me, and so I wrote no more. But we wanted nothing while Charlie lived."

"He is dead, then?"

"My husband! do you think we should be here—in this den—if Charlie was alive? He cared for me to the last. And, a fortnight before he died, the news came that he was rich—that a fortune had been left to him!"



"A fortune?"

"Yes; it was all in the banker's hands. His uncle had willed it. And Charley had to employ an agent; for he was too ill to go out or leave his room; and I could not leave him. The agent promised to attend to everything, and he did, while Charlie lived."

"My poor Albertine!"

"I was delicious for weeks after he died. The nurse gave me the papers when I recovered my senses. There they all were, and a memorandum in Charlie's writing, and under seal and witnessed, leaving all he had to me—his wife—to use and keep for his child—our little Elodie."

The pale mother glanced toward the sleeping innocent.

"But how is it, then?" began Letty.

"Let me tell you as briefly as I can; for my strength is failing. The agent would not give me the papers about the funds. He pretended he had been appointed a trustee, and said he would bring me an allowance every month. I was forced to be content with this. The allowance was enough to keep us, and I laid by a little, in hopes after a while to be able to get legal help and compel the dishonest man to give me control of what rightfully belonged to me. So I signed the orders he brought me from time to time, so that he could draw the money from the banker's. Whenever I asked him about it he would tell me my husband had wished it so and so. I was weak and ailing most of the time."

"Oh, if you had only come back to me!" wailed the sister.

"I was afraid—afraid of Rashleigh—Letty. You know how grasping he always was. I was afraid he might get hold of the property, and wrong my child in some way."

Letty only answered by tears.

"So we lived—I and Elodie—for two years. At last the agent cut short the allowance one-half, and then more still. He told me the money was running short; but I knew it could not be so."

"You should have had advice."

"Then I lost sight of the man altogether. He came no more to see me, and I could not find him at his office. I did not know the banker's name. I was helpless. Then we had to give up our lodgings and move here. I have lived by getting small jobs of work while I was strong enough; and all my dresses were pawned."

"Oh, Albertine!" cried her sister, weeping bitterly. "It was cruel not to come to me!"

"I thought you would not be allowed to help me. And, then, I was so weakened by sickness! Just this morning I went out to inquire about Wall street for the banker who held my husband's property. I have walked miles and learned nothing. You know the rest."

The sister roused herself.

"Now, Albertine," she said, "my home is yours again. I will never, never part with you. You shall come with me—this very night."

"Not to-night, Letty. I am too weak!"

"You must eat heartily first, to get strength. Is the fire burning? I can soon prepare supper."

She laid some sticks, and heaped coals on them in the grate. In a few moments there was a cheerful blaze.

"Now, I will be gone but a moment."

Taking up a basket, she went rapidly downstairs. She returned shortly with a delicate bird, some fresh eggs, tea and coffee, bread and butter and other elements of a comfortable repast. There was a pitcher of milk for the child.

The little girl roused herself from slumber while these preparations were going on. Presently she slid from the bed, and came close to the fire.

She was about five years old, apparently. Fair as a lily, there was a tint of the wild rose in either cheek, and her curls of pale-gold clustered around her head and neck. Her eyes were blue and brilliant.

She laughed as she seated herself before the aluring blaze, and asked if Santa Claus had sent them a good supper, and a nice old lady to cook it.

"This is your aunt Letty, my love," said the mother. "You have heard of this dear aunt. She loves mamma and Elodie!"

The child rose, came to Mrs. Rashleigh and put her little arms around her neck, kissing her familiarly.

"I have heard of my good aunt Letty," she lisped. "Mamma and I say prayers for her every night; don't we, mamma?"

"Then you did not forget me, Albertine, since you taught your child to pray for me!"

Supper was placed on the table. The little girl ate her bread and milk and a piece of omelet with keen appetite; but the mother could scarcely be persuaded to take the broiled bird. She drank two cups of tea with feverish eagerness.

"Now, Letty, you must go," she said. "Mr. Rashleigh will be angry."

"I shall not leave you to-night, my sister. I could not get home after eight o'clock. I will stay all night, and to-morrow I will take you with me."

"I have no bed to offer you."

"I will sit up and sleep. If I could only see you eat something more!"

"It is so long since mamma had a good supper," said the child, "she forgets how it tastes."

"Let me make you a bit of toast."

Albertine could not eat, though she tried, for Letty's sake.

"I will have a doctor see you before we go away to-morrow," said the elder sister.

Mrs. Rashleigh was accommodated with a bed, by one of the poor lodgers on the same floor; and Albertine slept the deep sleep of utter exhaustion.

Elodie was playing about the floor, laughing and dancing, when Letty went in to the room in the morning. She lighted the fire and prepared a tempting breakfast, of which the child partook with relish; but the mother could eat nothing. Then her anxious sister went out for a doctor, and was fortunate enough to find one who came without delay.

"Mrs. Stein," he said, "calling the invalid by her married name—is suffering under mere debility induced by overwork and poor food. There is no reason why she should not regain strength, with change of scene."

He refused the fee proffered by Mrs. Rashleigh, and went out.

Letty busied herself with preparations for removal; dressed the child warmly, and wrapped her sister in a shawl folded over her serge dress. Beyond the box that held Albertine's papers and a few relics, there was nothing worth taking away.

When the rent had been paid, there was just enough left in Letty's purse for the carriage to the ferry, and the journey home. She had listened to no remonstrance from her sister.

Thus they traveled till the train set them down, and another carriage conveyed them to the house by the seacoast.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE COQUETRY OF AN HOUR.

THE ball-room gayety was at its height. In the spacious and magnificent drawing-rooms the brilliant lights, and music, and flowers, and merry voices, and graceful floating forms contributed to the gorgeous confusion always reigning where the gay and young meet to enjoy the passing hour.

The rich profusion of bouquets and fragrant pyramids of bloom, wherever there was room for a vase to stand, symbolized the overflowing happiness of many innocent hearts.

There was the usual quantity of eager hopes and disappointed expectations; of heart-yearnings and heart-burnings; of raptures and rivalries; of jealousy and generosity; of mirth and melancholy; of joy and grief.

Among the brightest in the throng was Olive Weston. She wore a pale-blue silk with a cloud-like over-dress of white tulle, looped up on one side with a delicate spray of flowers, and confined with a blue sash. A single rose was in her bosom, a rose she had taken out of a glass in her room, having cherished it several days with special care. There was an unusual color in her cheeks, and her lips were resolutely compressed; her eyes were often downcast, but lifted now and then with a flash of something like scorn, as her glance swept the circle round her.

In her disturbed bosom lurked the sting Ruhama's words had implanted; and whenever she felt it most acutely, her manner took an additional haughtiness, or she bent her head more eagerly to listen to her companion's remarks.

She could not help thinking it unaccountably singular, considering what had passed, that the most pertinaciously devoted among all her admirers was Tom Wyatt. He lingered ever at her side.

He was a gay, dashing young fellow, full of wit and humor and fancy, and an experienced critic in all matters of taste. With all his vivacity, she had always thought he possessed an excellent heart; and Olive was utterly at a loss to account for his undiminished spirit.

Had he not received her reply to his letter—her rejection of his suit? Or was he striving to heal the wound to his vanity by showing himself heart-whole?

She could not solve the mystery. Perhaps it was because one more interesting to her was absorbing her faculties of observation and reflection.

A gentleman of distinguished aspect had entered the room. Though young, his form was broad as well as tall, promising a future development of great muscular strength. What a noble figure! "What a noble figure!" would have been the passing remark of any stranger; and his face matched it in nobleness. A high and broad forehead, shaded by curling brown hair; eyes of dark gray, piercing, bright, with depth of meaning; a healthy but pale complexion, and features cast in manly mold; an expression frank, honest and candid, but dashed often with something like hauteur; all about him won admiration, while undue familiarity was checked.

Claude Hamilton had never been what is called a beau, or a general gallant; he rather avoided the society of ladies in general, and altogether despised flirtation. But he had often sought Miss Weston's society.

She felt her cheeks tingle with the sudden flush as she caught sight of him. The next instant, in humiliating consciousness, she turned her face away, affected to be excessively entertained by something her companion was saying to her, and nervously toyed with her fan. Tom Wyatt took it from her hand, and stood fanning her at intervals, bending over her with the devoted air of a gallant knight.

Claude Hamilton approached, and for her life Olive could not help looking up. Their eyes met for an instant; he passed her with a cold bow, and went on to join a group at the other end of the room.

What could this strange greeting mean? thought the girl. He had always seemed so happy to see her, and how eagerly hitherto he had sought her in the most crowded assemblies.

She stole another glance, for he was not out of sight. He was not talking with any one; his air was abstracted and melancholy; he seemed to keep aloof from her sedulously.

What could have brought about the change? Surely she had done nothing to offend him!

She forgot the compliments Tom Wyatt was pouring into her ear, the murmur of admiration around her, while she tried to solve this enigma.

Then the recollection of what Ruhama had hinted at flashed upon her mind, and summoned back her woman's pride. She had forgotten that evil tongues—women's tongues, of course—had commented on her evident enjoyment of Claude Hamilton's society. He, perhaps, had heard the ill-natured rumors or remarks, and, more tender of her good name than herself, or alarmed for his own, had resolved on this avoidance.

The idea stung Olive to the very soul. Had she, indeed, fallen so low? She fancied all eyes turned on her to read her heart, and see how much of it had gone out of her own keeping. How many envious rivals were exulting in the shame and pain they saw betrayed in her looks!

This must be hidden from all eyes; not one of them must even surmise the load of mortification and anguish that had so nearly crushed her. He, of all others, must not know it. The crimson of indignation and defiance rushed to her cheeks; the fire of self-assertion flashed from her eyes. She assumed a gayety she did not feel, and entered volubly into conversation.

Her friend, Ruhama, might well have fancied she was practicing, to the best of her power, the lessons in coquetry she had taught her.

Ere long Ruhama came up to Olive, touched her arm, and begged her to play and sing.

The lovely brunette was bewitching in amber silk, profusely trimmed with white point lace; flounces, bertha, and lace undersleeves. Rubies glowed on her neck and arms. Natural japonicas looked like snow in her dark hair. She was laughing, and her parted lips disclosed the whitest little teeth in the world.

Miss Weston took her seat at the piano, and played an air from Don Giovanni. The depth of her violet eyes grew more brilliant, and the rose-tint on her cheek brighter than ever, while no one dreamed of the mingled pain and pleasure at her heart, that gave the unwonted bloom and fire.

Ruhama, with her eyes full of mirthful mischief, stood listening to the music, beating time with her fan, and noticed that young Hamilton had drawn near and was earnestly regarding the fair musician.

Olive's voice trembled in spite of herself as she sung the words, "mi trema un poco il cor." Suddenly lifting her eyes she met Claude's fixed gaze.

When the song was ended, Hamilton had left the room.

Tom Wyatt stood close by, and offered his arm to the singer. He remarked carelessly:

"Our friend Hamilton is out of sorts to-night; but he will soon get over it. I heard him say just now he is to leave the city for Europe almost immediately."

Olive felt the blood recede swiftly from her cheek. It needed all her self-control to hide the pain inflicted by the words of the young man. With a desperate effort she managed to clothe her expression of surprise and regret in language cold and measured enough for the occasion.

Going away! Would she ever see him again! Going—and without an adieu; without one word to her!

These thoughts rung dolefully in her heart. How many

"Gentle wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherished long!" were laid prostrate by those cruel words!

Ruhama saw her grow pale; saw her features work with the pain she could not conceal, and ran to her.

"You are faint with the heat," she cried. "Come with me! No—Mr. Wyatt! I know best how to doctor her," and she drew her friend through the French window out into the conservatory.

Swiftly along the flower-bordered path she led her, till she stopped beside the largest fountain; and there she placed the girl on a rustic seat.

"Now, tell me all!" she said.

Olive could no longer restrain her tears.

She managed to falter a half confession, blaming herself for conduct so foreign to her nature and her judgment.

"For what can you blame yourself?" asked Ruhama, while she stifled a little twinge of self-reproach.

"For being influenced by the silly fear of being thought to value Mr. Hamilton's attentions—into playing a part so foreign to my character. What must he have thought of me?"

"Had he any claim on you that gave him a right to find fault with your coquetry?"

"No; but I am not the less humiliated."

"Then, in the name of woman's pride, do get up spirit enough to think no more of a man who can serve you so! I would have pledged my life that Hamilton really loved you! And to set people talking by avoiding you, and then depart so suddenly! To go away and leave the country—as we hear he means to do—without explanation!"

"Hush, Ruhama!"

"I would have my revenge! And you can! Did not Tom Wyatt send you a sincere, impassioned love-letter? Why not accept him?"

"You know, Ruhama, I sent him my answer yesterday."

"But you can recall it. Tom is, in my opinion, worth half a dozen of such timid, capricious admirers as Mr. Hamilton. Tell Tom you have reconsidered the matter."

"Ruhama, you are incorrigible. How can you jest on such a subject?"

"Tom has been your shadow all the evening. You can easily do it. Bless me! Here is the gentleman himself, come to look after us both! He shall bring you back."

And the lively girl, pressing her friend's hand significantly, hurried away, just as Wyatt's honest face of concern came into view.

He took the seat near Olive, who had recovered her self-possession, and was able to answer with something like sprightliness to his inquiries after her health. Anything rather than let him know the cause of her indisposition.

The young lady rose to return to the drawing-room. But Wyatt detained her.

He looked unusually grave.

"The letter my boy took you yesterday"—he began, in a faltering tone.

"It was answered immediately," replied Olive.

"Surely you received the answer. It was by post within an hour."

Tom essayed to speak, but seemed strangely embarrassed. His voice failed entirely. He covered his face with his handkerchief.

Olive could never endure the sight of suffering; and this was of her own inflicting! Another fruit of her coquetry of an hour!

She felt herself responsible for the delusive hopes she had reawakened; the bitter disappointment! In self-reproach she also covered her eyes to conceal the fast-flowing tears.

"Mr. Wyatt," she said, at last, "believe me, this causes me as much pain as yourself. You took me so by surprise! It grieves me more than I can express, that a temporary misunderstanding—"

The young gentleman removed his handkerchief from his face; from "eyes unconscious of a tear." A peal of laughter, the more impressive from having evidently been violently struggled against, burst on the young lady's astonished ears.

"Mr. Wyatt!" she exclaimed, rebelling in amazement.

"Pardon me, but I cannot—by George! I cannot help it!" stammered the pseudo lover, indulging in a second burst of merriment.

"This conduct is inexplicable!" said Miss Weston, indignantly, as she turned away.

"Stay—one moment, I beg—I can explain it," cried Tom. "You were deceived, Miss Weston, by the fact that the letter was taken to your house by the boy in my office. I only discovered the mistake an hour before I came this evening, and I have been watching for an opportunity to tell you all about it. That letter was not written by me!"

"Not written by you!" exclaimed the girl.

"No, Miss Weston; and you may remember if my boy left word who was with me when he was sent."

"He left no message. It was an anonymous joke then?"

"Anonymous?"

"The letter—the declaration—had no signature."

"Is it possible! Could he have been such a dolt?"

"It was not signed at all. From the fact that your messenger brought it, I inferred that it was from you."

"Oh, no! I have the honor to be the humblest among your friends; but—what a dented scurvy trick that—to serve a man! I owe him a dozen grudges for it!"

"Who, if you please, sir?" demanded Olive, her eyes flashing resentment. "Who wrote the letter?"

"The blundering idiot was Claude Hamilton!"

The girl's lips moved to repeat the name, but they uttered no sound. She grew pale for a moment; then the color rushed back in torrents to her face. She turned away, and covered her face with her hands.

"I have much to pardon, as well as yourself, Miss Weston, to Hamilton's silly baseness. Monstrous impudent you must have thought me, too, in chatting with you so carelessly to-night after he had rejected me."

"He—does he not know of the mistake?" faltered Olive.

"No, not yet; but he shall pay me out for it—the blundering blockhead! He came into my office, asked for paper to write a note,

and tore up half a quire before he could suit himself. Then he asked me to send it to the address. And this morning I got your rejection of my suit, which astonished me not a little. I did not understand it at all, till I questioned my boy to-day, and learned where he had taken Hamilton's note."

Olive listened like one in a dream. Then that was the cause of Claude's avoidance! He had declared his love for her; but had received no answer to his avowal. To this apparent contempt she had added the coquettish gayety which he must have thought assumed in mockery of his feelings! He had acted foolishly in his timidity and distrust; but what must he think of her?

She sighed deeply.

"Never mind!" said Tom, as he offered his arm to lead her back to the rooms. "I will see Hamilton to-morrow, and rate him well for his stupidity!"

The girl did not speak. Her heart was full. Hardly yet she dared give admission to the hope that came like a sunbeam across the gloom that had oppressed her.

There was some confusion as they entered the parlors, still thronged with the gayly-attired guests. The dance had been suddenly interrupted. Persons were moving to and fro hurriedly.

"There she is!" cried one or two voices.

Then Olive saw Ruhama coming quickly toward her, followed by Mr. Seaforth.

The girl took Olive's arm from Wyatt, drew it within her own, and led her swiftly through the company toward the door. Olive was terrified by her grave face.

"What is the matter, Ruhama?" she asked.

Mr. Seaforth began to speak; but his daughter stopped him.

"Don't tell her here, father," she implored.

"Tell me—what?" exclaimed the startled girl. "For pity's sake, do not keep it from me! My mother?"

"Your mother is well, darling!" cried Ruhama. "Here we are in the hall, and Ada has brought your cloak. You must go, my dear friend. An accident has happened—and your father is hurt. We hope it is nothing serious."

Her face was streaming with tears as she embraced her friend. Mr. Seaforth handed Olive into the carriage, and she sunk on the seat, fainting, as he followed her.

(To be continued.)

## The Flying Yankee!

ON

## THE OCEAN OUTCAST.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE OF 1812.

BY OLIVE PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## AFTER THE COMBAT.

STILL enveloped in the smoke of battle that floated away before the wind, and appearing, with her low hull and tapering spars, like a specter shrouded in mist, the Red Wing flew on over the moonlit waters, leaving behind her astonishment mingled with awe at her strange course.

Spreading all the canvas that would draw, Noel paced the quarter-deck with a brow still stern, but upon which rested a look of satisfaction, for he felt that he had done his duty nobly in defense of his dear old flag. Determined to now make known his new formed resolution to his officers, he called to Muriel to summon them to the cabin.

Soon they were assembled, and Noel said, quietly:

"You are aware, gentlemen, that I am an American, and also know that war has been declared between my country and England. Hitherto this vessel has served under the colors of Mexico, and I need not remark here that those colors are little worth to us; but now, as the schooner belongs to me, I intend to put her in another service, and am bound to Vera Cruz to resign the commission I hold from Mexico."

"We are listening, captain," said Hernandez Muriel, quietly, as Noel paused for an instant.

"True—it is my intention to resign my commission, and then tender the services of myself, schooner, and such of my crew as will follow me, to the American Republic."

"Enter the service of the United States, captain!" asked Lieutenant Hart, a young American, who had been tempted by the romance of a sea life to leave a happy home in New England, and since he had strayed from the family fireside, had been a wanderer about the face of the earth.

Rejoiced at the prospect of returning home again with the *color* of a naval officer, he was only too willing to second his commander in his intention, as he believed it to be.

"In one respect, yes, Mr. Hart," continued Noel. "We are to serve the United States, and as I know that my good friend West is with me, and you are also willing, I must now find out the wishes of Senor Muriel."

"Senor Muriel is wholly at your service, Captain Noel. You have drawn me from an evil life, and I hesitate not an instant to follow you wherever you may lead."

"My good friends, I am delighted to have your support, and I feel that the crew will be easily won over, for none of them, I believe, hold sympathy with England."

"To-night I anticipated my intention, and turned my broadsides upon an English vessel-of-war, that otherwise would have sunk, or taken, the Vulture."

"That act will cause us no trouble, as in a few days we will no longer be in the service of Mexico, but cruising the ocean under a flag of our own, for though it is my intention to make war upon England, it is also my intention to cease hostilities toward France and Spain, and, while aiding America, keep in mystery who or what we are, for I will report to no Admiralty, carry no national colors, and touch at no port in the United States except under disguise."

"After leaving Vera Cruz, I intend to run to some port where I can refit the schooner, rig her in new canvas, leaving out our red wings, and, painting her white, so disguise the vessel that none of her old friends or foes will recognize her."

"Your old practical haunt, Muriel, I will make our rendezvous, and also I have after plans in view that at present I cannot make known."

"For reasons of my own, I intend to let the mystery of *incognito* hang upon this vessel, and I feel that I will be ably supported by you."

"Now we will go to the deck and make known to the crew my intention of leaving the service of Mexico, and those among them who do not care to follow my fortunes I will land with their personal property at Vera Cruz."

"You will find the crew as ready as we are to follow your lead, captain," said Muriel, as they ascended to the deck, where the crew

were soon assembled, and received the proposals of their commander with enthusiastic cheers.

In due time the schooner dropped anchor in the harbor of Vera Cruz, and Noel tendered his resignation to the Mexican authorities, who accepted it with deep regret, for they were well aware of the valuable services he had rendered their tottering government.

Purchasing all necessary stores and equipments, and securing a full complement of men from several American vessels then blockaded in the port, Noel secured a light-sailing schooner, loaded her with his purchases, and a week after the arrival of the Red Wing, the two vessels set sail one dark, stormy night, and headed for the lonely island which had once been the resort of a piratical horde, and which the young commander intended should be his secret rendezvous, for Noel was determined he would not be known to his government, other than as some mysterious friend ever on the alert to secretly lend a helping hand.

While the Red Wing is sailing for the island, where she is to be metamorphosed into an American privateer, I will return to the night of the engagement between the Vulture and the English sloop-of-war, and relate the circumstances following the departure of the mysterious schooner.

As Noel had surmised, the Vulture had been refitted, after being wrecked by the lightning, and was placed under command of Alden Ainslie, while Calvin Bernard, after a court-martial investigation of the part he took in the duel between his captain and lieutenant, had been found "not guilty" of any serious charge, and was allowed to return to his ship; in which he soon rose to the rank of lieutenant.

Alden Ainslie had proven himself an able officer, and under his command the Vulture had won renewed honors during her continued cruise in northern waters.

Thus it was that Captain Ainslie determined to fight, instead of fly from, the English sloop-of-war, a determination that would have cost him dear had it not been for the timely aid of the Red Wing, a schooner he had often endeavored to capture, and which had always eluded him, even though when under his guns—for, knowing that other vessels carrying the Mexican colors were in the habit of pouncing upon American merchantmen, he deemed this fleet craft likewise guilty, little knowing who it was that directed her destinies.



ture got under way, followed by the English sloop-of-war, the crew of which fully appreciated the kindness shown them by their brave young captor, who had proven himself as generous as he was daring. All on board the Englishman had anticipated an easy victory over their smaller antagonist, and keenly felt their mistake, for had not the American been so mysteriously aided their conquest would have been a dear one.

#### CHAPTER XV. THE FLYING YANKEE.

A YEAR passed after the incidents related in the foregoing chapters, and the Vulture, thoroughly refitted and with a better armament and larger crew, was again at sea.

Her course lay to the southward, down the Atlantic coast from Charleston, from whence she had sailed on a special mission, to bear Commodore Cutting to take command of the American squadron then cruising in the Gulf of Mexico.

It was a clear moonlight night, but the sea ran high, for a heavy gale was blowing from the north-east; but bravely the noble vessel struggled through the waves, staggering though only under her storm-sails.

Upon her decks were officers and crew, some enjoying the struggle between the ocean and the vessel and others attending carefully to the duties devolving upon them.

Standing near the wheel upon the quarter-deck were several officers chatting, and recognizable among them were the tall and commanding form of Commodore Cutting, the elegant figure of Alden Ainslie, and the indolent, graceful Calvin Bernard, whose left arm was worn in a sling, for he had not yet fully recovered from a wound received in the battle with the English sloop-of-war.

The arrival of the Vulture in port, with her larger flag as a prize, had created considerable excitement, especially when Captain Ainslie, disclaiming all credit, had made known the circumstance of being aided by his strange ally.

Since then, incoming vessels had reported the appearance at sea of a strange craft that was the true friend of America, and the bitter foe of England, and many were the remarkable stories of how she was seen only at night, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and looking like a specter, and also seeming like one, as, excepting a stern hail from her and the sound of her terrible guns, no one had ever held communication with a soul on board.

The subject of conversation that night on the Vulture, as she bounded over the gale-swept ocean, was this strange craft, and Commodore Cutting had just remarked his inability to solve the mystery, when Alden Ainslie rejoined:

"Commodore, I am not superstitious, but I assure you the sudden appearance and strange behavior of that craft when she saved the Vulture from capture made a deep impression upon me, an impression which the numerous rumors now afloat but serve to strengthen."

"And that impression is, captain—?"

"I hardly know; for, though I would laugh to scorn the belief that the craft is a phantom, strongly inclined to favor America, yet what is she? I ask, and the answer is, a white schooner of remarkable build and speed, and one that carries full sail in a storm, which would run any other vessel beneath the sea."

"And one that no one has ever been on board of, as far as we know—that has only hailed from her own decks, and though capturing prizes has never boarded them, but driven them before her into some port, where they have been safe under the guns of our forts, put in an old weather-beaten sailing-master, who had passed forty years upon the ocean."

"Has she ever been seen in the day-time?" asked Commodore Cutting.

"Yes," returned the sailing-master, "she has been seen in daylight by her prizes, for I talked with a man who was mate of that English powder-ship she captured."

"And what said the mate?" asked Commodore Cutting, with interest, while the group of officers gathered more closely around, to hear the reply.

"He told me what I will now tell you, and, though he is a kind of kinsman of mine, and my mother-in-law's brother, I place dependence in his word, though I have a little faith in the mother of any man's wife, as the world goes, for the Lord Harry knows they are a queer set; not that a woman mayn't be all right, but let her get a son-in-law, and zounds, sir, it changes her whole nature! Such has been my experience, and I give it for the benefit of those young gentlemen here, who, you know, have the reputation of possessing a wife in every foreign port, for woman's eyes always glitter at sight of a brass button, and I warn them that they'll fare badly, and have a lively time at the day of Judgment, when they have to meet a dozen or so mother-in-laws."

"But to the story, Mr. Hendricks," said the commodore, amused at the master's opinion of his wife's mother.

"True, sir; well, you see, the old lady—"

"Hang the old lady, Hendricks."

"So I say, sir; but, you see, when I run athwart the memory of the old girl, she just boxes my compass, and it's hard to keep before the wind on any other course; but I remember now, we were discussing the strange craft, and I was saying she was most beautiful in build—"

"You were saying no such thing, Hendricks; why, I verily believe the remembrance of the good dame has driven your wits from you—you were about to tell us what the mate of the powder-ship told you."

"True, sir, true; well, Thompson—you see, he spelt his name with a P, sir—well, he told me that they were running along pretty lively one night, and hoping to reach a haven held by the English, when suddenly they descried a misty blue light across the ocean, and in its midst was the most beautiful specter craft eye ever beheld."

"Thompson says all of them were scared nearly to death, when a flash, a heavy boom, and a whirl of solid shot proved the specter could use mortal means, and this reassuring the captain of the powder-ship, he hoisted all sail and determined to escape, for his vessel was one of the fastest afloat; but, crowding sail was useless, for in less than an hour the stranger came up close astern, and hailing in a loud voice, told the Englishman to change his course, and head for Charleston, as a prize to the United States Government."

"Compelled to obey, the Englishman did as ordered, and the stranger then shortened sail so as to hang half a mile distant in his wake, and there he continued, day and night, until he drove the powder-ship under the guns of Fort Sumter, when the queer one put about and headed seaward."

"But, what did your relative say the craft looked like by daylight?" asked Alden Ainslie.

"He said she was a beauty, and only once

could he see more than one man on board, and that was the helmsman; but he related how, when his captain thought one day in a blow, as his pursuer had dropped a mile astern, he would try to escape, that suddenly a hundred forms stood in snow-white—you see the schooner was white from hull to top-mast—were seen to spring to work lively, and in a minute the Flying Yankee, as the Britishers call the stranger, was after them like a hound, and the poor captain had to once more keep on his prescribed course, still dogged by his captor."

"A remarkable story, sailing-master, but it is generally believed, and I confess to a deep-seated desire to know more of this terror of the British—the Flying Yankee; why, I would give my next year's pay to solve that—"

"Sail, ho!"

The ringing cry of the lookout from the masthead broke short the words of the commodore, and caused all to start, for the conversation they were holding regarding the mysterious character of the strange vessel, caused all to feel a certain superstitious dread in their hearts.

"Where-a-way, sir?"

"She is not in sight, now, sir; but a moment ago I beheld her—sail, ho!"

"Sail, ho!"

"Sail, ho!"

The cries rung out suddenly from a dozen different parts of the vessel, and all eyes turned to windward, where they beheld a sight that sent a thrill of horror through the ship.

A mile or more distant, and distinctly seen in a bluish, misty cloud, that looked spectral in the moonlight, was a large schooner, crouching low in the water, and with her tapering masts crowded with canvas from deck to top-mast, while, as light as a bird, she seemed to fly from wave to wave.

"God in Heaven! It is the specter craft!" cried the old sailing-master, while a dozen voices said in suppressed tones:

"The Flying Yankee!"

"Yes, boys, the Flying Yankee; and it remains with us to solve the mystery, for though she has proven a friend to us, we will find out who and what she is. Clear that port-gun, Mr. Bernard!" cried the commodore, cheerfully.

"It is impossible to clear for action in this gale, commodore," suggested Alden Ainslie, as the men hesitated what to do.

"True; well, we'll bide our time and see the result. See! how she comes down upon us!" and Commodore Cutting pointed to the misty-looking schooner, that, with apparently every stitch of her snowy canvas spread, was rushing down upon their quarter, and rapidly overhauling the brig.

"Yes, she seems to fly, for I can already distinguish the two men at her wheel," answered Captain Ainslie, as he turned his glass once more on the approaching vessel.

All stood in silence, regarding the stranger, each officer and man instinctively taking his position for action, and each one turning over in his mind what could be the meaning of the strange appearance.

Bounding madly forward, over and through the storm-swept waters, the Flying Yankee came on, until she obtained a position to windward, and off the starboard quarter of the brig, when suddenly a tall form, clothed in white, sprang into the main shrouds, and in trumpet tones came the hail:

"Ahoy! the Vulture!"

"My God! he knows us! It is the devil that runs that craft!" cried the sailing-master, with awe.

"Silence, sir!" sternly said Captain Ainslie, and then through his trumpet, he answered, "Ahoy! Is that the Flying Yankee?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the answer.

"Well, what would you?" again asked Alden.

"Commodore Cutting is aboard your vessel, going to take command of the Southern squadron; but your fleet was defeated some days since, and driven into Mobile, where they now are, while a large English man-of-war, in a crippled condition, is, at present, repairing damages in the mouth of the St. John's river. The two vessels taken by the English fleet, are now armed with British crews, and lying in wait to take you by strategy upon your arrival."

"The above had all been spoken in clear tones, and one and all heard every word with strange surprise and deep regret, for none doubted the information received from their mysterious companion."

"Is all this true, you tell?" called out the commodore, in his sternest voice.

"Upon my honor, yes."

"I thank you; but in the name of heaven, who, and what are you?"

"The Flying Yankee, and the Ocean Outcast."

The words rung with metallic earnestness, and a tone of deep bitterness pervaded them; but more could be said, the commander of the weird-looking vessel sprang back upon his deck, and instantly the sharp bows swept round, until the long, needle-like bow-sprit pointed just into the wind's eye, when, away darted the Flying Yankee, back in the direction from whence she had first been discovered.

"Well, commodore, what do you think of that?"

"I know not what to think, Ainslie; but I believe his words, and shall act accordingly; what say you?"

"As you do; I believe the expected British fleet has had good weather, and arrived two weeks sooner than we anticipated, thereby surprising our squadron; but, would it not be a good idea, sir, to put into the mouth of the St. John's, and verify the statement of the Flying Yankee? We may be able to surprise and capture the crippled Britisher."

"That is a good plan, and one I will act upon, so give the necessary orders, please. Ah! yonder still flies that weird craft under a press of sail that, in this gale, would run a line of battle-ship under," and the commodore pointed to the distant schooner, still eating up into the wind, without having reduced a single square foot of canvas, as she sped on, leaving behind her a most uncomfortable feeling in the minds of all on board the Vulture, for they could not get rid of the thought, that a supernatural agency controlled the destinies of the mysterious unknown."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 276.)

## Overland Kit:

OR,  
THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XLII.  
"JOHN" SPEAKS.

"ALIVE! What? Sho?"

A perfect bab 1 of sounds rose on the air. The excitement was contagious. Judge

Jones alone preserved his calmness; like a statue he sat in his chair, his face ashen pale, and his breath coming quick and hard.

"Up at the Eldorado rancho!" answered Jim. "This heathen told him off last night an' tended him like a Christian. The yaller-skinned cuss didn't know till a little while ago that the gal was being tried for his murder; an' when he found out, he come down like a man for to spit it out!"

Then the crowd made a rush through the door for the Eldorado. The man-from-Red-Dog picked up the heathen in his arm as if he had been a baby, and, aided by his long legs, was soon in the advance of the crowd. The jury even yielded to the contagion, and, forgetting all about the prisoner, ran after the spectators and the armed guard.

With a single bound, Jinnie leaped into Dick's arms. Again she felt the warm embrace which brought such joy to her heart.

When the lovers looked around, they found that they were alone, for Judge Jones, too, had disappeared. Talbot noticed his absence in an instant.

"Hallo! where did the Judge go?" he said in astonishment; "he didn't pass by us, I'll swear!"

Then Talbot's eyes caught sight of a small door in the other end of the building.

"He must have gone through there," he exclaimed.

"That leads into the shed where he keeps his horse," Jinnie said.

"Yes, I know it," Talbot answered.

Then the sound of a horse's hoofs rung out on the air. Talbot ran to the window just in time to catch sight of the Judge galloping off.

"He must have had his horse all ready saddled," Talbot said, thoughtfully. "He was prepared, then, for flight; but, is it for good?"

"He fears your vengeance, Dick," Jinnie said.

"He has nothing to fear from me; there is another who will strike him," Dick replied.

Then the two left the express office and proceeded to the hotel.

The crowd raced up the street, and, headed by the Chinaman, soon had the satisfaction of gazing on the face of Gains Tendall. The young man was very faint from loss of blood; could not even speak, but he still lived, and one of the citizens who professed to be a doctor, after examining him, gave his opinion that he would recover.

The heathen Chinese had selected a strange lodging-place for the senseless man. The shanty, dignified by the title of hotel, was raised some three feet from the ground by massive bowlders; the space under was boarded in. The sagacious son of the East had removed a couple of loose boards in the floor behind the bar, carried the senseless man under the flooring, and, with the blankets taken from his own bunk, arranged a bed for him.

"What in thunder did you hide him down hyer for?" asked Bill, in astonishment, as he assisted to remove the almost lifeless man from his place of concealment.

"Melican man—come back—kille he more," replied the heathen.

"Sho! Did you see who went for him?" asked Haynes in astonishment.

"Me see—alle time," said the Chinaman, grinning.

"Who? Who was it?" asked the crowd, anxiously.

"He telle—alle same—John no likee—Melican man kille he, too," answered the cautious child of the Sun.

The miners at once came to the conclusion that Ah Ling had seen the murder committed, but that the murderer was a stranger to him.

"Me hide—see Melican man kille—no like telle—how can he?"

The crowd gazed at the mystery. The Chinese had seen the murder committed and the assassin depart; then had seen Rennet and Bill discover the body and heard the message dispatched to the Judge. Then he had entered the room by the window and removed the body. Such was their solution of the riddle. But, the true one was—the Chinaman had entered the room immediately after the assassin had departed; had examined the body and discovered that Gains still lived; then, surprised by Rennet and Bill, he had sought refuge under the bed and seized the first opportunity to remove the helpless man through the aid of the window.

Talbot and Jinnie had joined the crowd and listened attentively to the strange expression came over the face of Lin Dick as he heard the heathen's story. He seized an early opportunity to speak with the Chinese apart, but the information he gained he kept to himself.

Restoratives were applied to the wounded man, and the crowd waited anxiously till he should revive and speak the name of his assassin.

#### CHAPTER XLII. JUSTICE.

RIDING northward by the side of the Reese, mounted upon a wiry gray pony, was a pale and haggard man.

The flanks of the animal showed the lather of the rapid gallop and the dark stains of the cruel spurs. Foam fell from the mouth of the horse. He had evidently been pressed at his topmost speed.

The moon was rising in the heavens, already dotted over with myriad stars. The cold, white peaks of the frowning Sierra pierced the sky like giant icebergs. The pines rustled softly in the breeze and their peculiar balsamic odor filled the air.

But the traveler—fugitive rather—heeded not the rising moon, the rustle of the pines, nor the perfume that floated on the bosom of the clear mountain air.

He had eyes and ears but for one thing only, pursuit!

A dozen times in his onward rapid gallop, pushing forward as fast as his horse would carry him, he had fancied that he had heard the sounds of a horse's hoofs behind him. A dozen times, while covering the last mile, he pulled the silver-mounted revolver from his belt, and with a nervous hand, drew back the hammer, ready for action; and then, with a curse upon his cowardly fear, satisfied that he heard only the rustle of the pines in the breeze, and that the pursuing horseman existed but in his imagination, he had let down the hammer upon the cap, and pushed back the weapon in its pouch.

"Why should I fear?" he asked himself, for the hundredth time. "I am like a child, frightened at a shadow. I am safe; I know I am safe," he repeated, as though some still voice within whispered of danger. "I have pushed my horse as fast as he could go. If I have been pursued, they should have gained

on me by this time, if their horses are better than mine. They! theirs! I speak in the plural," he cried, with a bitter laugh, "while really I fear but one man. And why should I fear him? Enjoying the caresses of the woman whom I would have almost given my soul to win, will he be apt in his hour of triumph to think of vengeance? Will he leave the soft lips of woman to encounter the bullet of a desperate man? I would not. I would not have left her side, had I gained her, to have saved myself from years of flames!"

Then, once again, he listened as he rode steadily onward, listened for the sounds, which in imagination were ever ringing in his ears.

"Tis but the rustle of the wind," he muttered, as again he thrust back the revolver, which he had half drawn from its sheath. "As I look back, I can see how badly I have played my hand. Oh, if I had it to play over again! But, I hadn't the pluck. I wavered when I should have been strong. One desperate blow would have won for me. His dare-devil reputation covered me, as if he was more than man. Yet, every blow that I aimed at him seemed to recoil upon my own head. It's all over now, though. I've got my drafts on Frisco buckled around my waist. It's lucky that I prepared for the worst. At any rate, I've got enough to make a glorious start again. I'll try and lead a new life. I hope the devil won't tempt me again with a pretty woman; I am so weak."

The narrow road bent suddenly to the right, as it rose to the crest of the hill.

Pressing onward with an untiring stride, the game little animal swept round the bend.

Turning the angle of rocks, the hair of the rider nearly rose in horror when he beheld a horseman standing motionless in the center of the road.

In the hand of the stranger was a leveled revolver, on the polished barrel of which the moonlight danced in wavy lines of light.

At the first glance the new-comer had recognized the motionless figure standing sentinel in the road.

The brown mare with the white blaze in the forehead and the four white "stockings," once seen, was not easily forgotten, and the coal-black hair and beard of the rider, as well as the ebony mask that covered his face, were all easily remembered.

It was the road-agent Overland Kit, in person!

"Good-evening, Judge Jones," he said with a maniacal ring in his voice.

Judge Jones—for the rider on the gray pony was the Judge—pulled up his horse and laid his hand on the hilt of his revolver. But the outlaw was scarcely twenty paces from him, and, as the moon was shining, making the canyon bright as day, he saw the motion at once.

"Drop that, Judge; I can put a ball through your long before you can get that plaything out of its sheath."

With an expression of despair upon his face, the Judge removed his hand from the weapon.

"You are doubtless astonished at seeing me here," the road-agent said.

"I thought that you were dead," the Judge answered.

"Exactly; so I am, to all the rest of the world but you. I have come to life for your special benefit." There was a menace in the tone of the speaker.

Jones shivered; his face was very pale and his lips almost bloodless.

"For my benefit?" he said, slowly.

"Yes; I rely upon your honor never to mention this interview after we part. I have perfect confidence that you will not speak of it."

Again Jones shuddered, and convulsively he placed his hand on the revolver-hilt. He understood the meaning of the outlaw.

"Take your hand off that revolver, and don't put it there again, or I'll drill a hole right through you without warning!" Kit cried, sternly.

"If you seek my life, kill me outright and end it," the Judge cried in desperation.

"Go slow! let's reckon up the account before we settle it," the outlaw replied. "You're probably astonished at seeing me in the flesh when all the world thinks that I am dead. It is easily explained. That traitor, Joe Rain, I followed and settled with in full in the mountains. Then it struck me what a glorious idea it would be to put my clothes on him and let all the world think that Overland Kit had 'passed in his checks.' A bullet from my revolver had partly disfigured the lower part of the face, and I trusted to my mountain friends, the wolves, to do the rest. I thought that I had got through with Overland Kit; but, as I said, Judge, I had to revive him for your special benefit."

"You intend to kill me?" the Judge asked, slowly.

"Don't you honestly think that you deserve death?" the outlaw asked.

"I am not fit to die."

"That is the cant of all rogues. If I let you live, you will but commit more crimes, sink yourself deeper and deeper into perdition when the end does come. Judge, in taking your life, it doesn't seem to me as if I commit a murder. I am more like the executioner, who takes the life forfeited to the law, than the agent of private vengeance," the outlaw said, earnestly.

"What have I done to merit death?"

"You attempted to kill Gains Tendall."

The Judge started, and nearly fell from the back of his horse.

"I guessed the truth, then, before," he muttered, in a hollow voice; "you have tracked me from Spur City, though I have ridden almost with the speed of the wind."

"You are right; I have," Kit replied. "This mare of mine is a thoroughbred, and can beat any thing on four legs west of the Mississippi. Through her speed I have been able to be in two places almost at the same time, or so near that men swore that I was. As you guess who I am, I'll throw this mummy aside."

The mask, wig and beard were dashed to earth.

Injun Dick stood revealed in Overland Kit! "I do not deny my crimes," the Judge said, in a tone which told plainly that at heart he was utterly without hope. "I attempted to kill Gains Tendall. He knew me in the East; knew of a crime that I committed there, and the consequences of which forced me to fly and seek shelter here. He met me in Spur City and recognized me. I paid him to keep silence; but fearing that, in some drunken spree, he might reveal my secret, I determined to kill him."

"And the letter written by him, which you read at the trial?"

"Was written to and received by me. It was accident alone that led to Jinnie being accused of the murder. After I had stabbed my victim, I passed out into the hall and threw the knife into the first door that came handy. It happened to be her room. Then, when I was

called up by Ginger Bill, I guessed at once by his words that Jinnie was implicated, and the devilish idea came into my head to profit by the accident. I thought that I could force her to give you up and become mine to save herself. When Rennet pulled the paper out of her trunk, I picked it up and examined it; your name and hers coupled together, with some few loving words, were scribbled over the page. The idea struck me at once to substitute for it Tendall's letter to me, which was about the same size. I placed it in my pocket-book; then presented the other to Rennet for his signature, so as to identify it. The name of Jinnie I forged at the top of the page afterward."

"Jones, you've been a great scoundrel for a man with as little pluck as you have," Talbot said, in contempt.

"I know it," the Judge replied coolly; "had not my heart failed me, you would never have won this girl. I played a bold game, but lacked courage. But now I am braver than I have ever been in all my life, for I sit here, calmly, waiting for my death-shot."

"Hang it!" cried Talbot, irresolutely. "I know that you deserve death, but, with all my wild, reckless actions, I never yet attacked a defenseless man. I'll give you a chance for your life. Draw your revolver; I'll not fire until your weapon is cocked and at the level."

"I thank you for your fair offer but I can not accept it," Jones said, slowly. "Never again, as long as Heaven lets such a miserable wretch as I am live, will I attempt to take a human life. I am not a young man; I have crimes enough on my soul now without attempting more."

"Are you in earnest?" Talbot asked, doubtfully.

"I hope so," Jones replied, solemnly.

"Then withered be my arm if I raise it against you!" cried Talbot, quickly. "In the future I, too, hope to lead a new life—in that life to atone for the errors of the past. Judge, we'll cry quits, and each go on our separate ways."

"I can only say that, if there ever comes a day when you need mercy may you receive it," the Judge responded.

"Jones, I don't quite trust you!" cried Talbot, suddenly. "You have been such a thoroughly bad man that I fear treachery. Throw down your revolver and then ride past me. When I am round the bend you can return and pick up your weapon."

"I do not blame you for your doubt," the Judge said, slowly.

Then he drew the revolver from its pocket and dropped it to the ground. The weapon struck the rock and exploded. The Judge straightened up in the saddle with a hollow groan, and fell heavily to the earth.

When Talbot, horror-stricken at the accident, dismounted and reached his side, Judge Jones was beyond mortal aid. The ball had entered the breast, passed upward, tearing the lungs, and death had come almost instantly.

Spur City was astonished when Jinnie announced her intention of disposing of the Eldorado. Still more so, when Gains Tendall recovered so as to be able to speak, and declared that his assailant was Judge Jones.

Then the miners understood why the heathen Chinese, on the night of the attack, hearing Judge Jones sent for, should attempt to hide away the wounded man; they comprehended now what he meant by "Melican man come back—killee some more."

Talbot had quite a long interview with Bernice. It was a painful one to both, for though Bernice's love for Talbot was but the childish fondness for her cousin, Patrick Gwyne, fostered by constant thought into a passion, still, as she had allowed it to take full sway over her nature, the struggle to conquer it was necessarily a difficult and painful one.

"Bernice," said Talbot, at parting, "forget that such a person as Patrick Gwyne ever lived; he has been dead to the world for years; he will never come to life again. Take the fortune; dead Patrick Gwyne can not use it."

"But, Dick Talbot?" she asked.

"Will seek some place far from here



# THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.  
NEW YORK, JULY 31, 1875.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

**Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:**

One copy, four months	\$1.00
Two copies, one year	2.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to  
BRADLEY AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,  
25 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

## AMONG THE POPULAR AUTHORS WHO ARE TO APPEAR SOON IN BRILLIANT AND STRIKING SERIALS, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE

New York Saturday Journal,

ARE:  
**BUFFALO BILL,**  
(Hon. William F. Cody) the Renowned Scout  
and King of the Revolver.

**CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,**  
The Magician of the Pen.

**C. B. LEWIS,**  
The Noted Humorist (M. Quad, of the Detroit  
Free Press).

**OLL COOMES,**  
Everybody's Favorite.

**PHILIP S. WARNE,**  
The now Famous Character Painter.

## Sunshine Papers.

### The Marks are There!

A GENTLEMAN once had placed upon his lawn a beautifully-molded chestnut post. After planing and oiling had developed to the full the delicate veininess of the wood, and left it artistically polished, he called thither his son.

"Harry, here are nails and a hammer, and I have now a favor to ask of you. You see this post. Whenever you do wrong, either in word or deed, I wish you to drive a nail in here."

The boy, promised; and days, and weeks, and months rolled away. At length he came to his father with a troubled light in his eyes and a clouded brow.

"Father, I have not thought myself very wild nor wicked, but I am shocked to find the post entirely filled with nails. I wish to become an upright, honorable man; tell me how to better myself."

"My boy, every time that you do a kind, a generous, a noble act, every time that you speak a word for the right, draw out a nail."

Again days were born and died, and summer smiled, and winters frowned, and the subject of the post was not mentioned. But there came a day when Harry led his father across the lawn and pointed to the defaced piece of wood.

"Every nail is gone, father, but the marks are there!"

Ay! the marks were there, of every wrong word and act, ineffaceable, even as upon the boy's life. Each error, each sin, was graven upon the fair-paged book of his soul, and would have some influence upon all his career; and upon many another mortal's besides.

Even so every good deed, every advance in uprightness and honor, has its influence upon more lives than mortal ken dare gauge. Whatever is done or said for good or for evil, or in utter carelessness of either, has influence—how great, who shall reckon?

Cast a pebble in the tide and its ripples cease only against the shore. So every act upon the sea of Time spreads on until it touch the boundary of Eternity. There is no deed, however small, performed by no person, however humble, that the marks are not there!

It seems so trivial a matter to Joe, now, an unkind remark to mother or sister, disobedience to father, an unlearned lesson, a little act of deceit, a cruel joke played, a promise broken, a law evaded, advice disregarded, mental powers imposed upon, physical well-being tampered with; but, ah! Joe, they all leave their marks. Marks you may see and feel some day, with almost despairing curses upon youthful sins.

Ella is careless, now, of deed and word. She scarce heeds when some bitter taunt pierces the sensitive heart of friend or mate; affects many a disagreeable, vain and odd habit; reads literature she would give good years of her future to forget; wastes time on frivolous pursuits; glories in adopting and advocating questionable practices and theories; tortures her physical beauties and neglects her mental gifts; contracts inaccuracies and inelegancies of speech and manner; falls into unlovely habits of sarcasm, criticism, selfishness, fault-finding gossip. Ella may come to see the hideousness of many or all of her imperfections and wrongs, may even, in time, conquer each; but she can never undo the vast influence they have circled upon and around mankind; she can never bury them too deep for regrets to cease growing over them; she can never forget them, never make her life what it might have been unstained by them; the mark of each will be on her mind, and manners, and life, always!

Whittier says:  
"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these, 'It might have been';"  
but with due deference to our dear Quaker poet, another of his ilk has written a rhyme far more truthful.

"If, of all words of tongue and pen,  
The saddest are, 'It might have been,'  
None sadder are these words daily said:  
'It is, but hadn't ought to be.'"

So it seemed to me, that of all sad words the saddest are those we hear so often, "What would I not give if I had done so and so in my youth!" "I would cancel five years of my life to forget that I committed such an act, or contracted such a habit, or read such a book, or left unlearned such an art."

Ah! how well it would be if each of us had a post to record our errors upon, to have the consciousness of their indelibility ever before

us. Since that would be an inconvenience that might materially raise the price of lumber, would we not lessen our cases for self-reproach and remorse, if we always remembered that our every deed and word influenced to a greater or less degree all mankind, and that for the occurrence of each consciously spent minute of our lives—the marks will be there!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

## AN ITEM OF INTEREST.

In a late number of the *Busy-body Gazette* (circulation limited to the First Families), is a letter from Littleton, where her place. "Miss Wishwell, the seamstress, it is now known, is engaged, and the engagement is the theme of constant talk in all our social circle, which is actually shaken to its very centre. What right had Miss W. to secure so eligible a husband, when a thousand other disconsolate females wanted him? Of course, she marries for money, or a home, or because her intended is a handsome man, or for spite. She cannot marry for love, for she is nothing but a dress-maker, who goes out to work by the day, and such women never can know what true love is; they must leave it to those who are their superiors in birth and education. How the elegant Frank Chase can fancy her at all, is a great mystery. It is said it is because she has been such a faithful and devoted daughter to her poor mother. Of course, that was all put on to catch him. These poor girls are forever striving to get rich husbands. Some of them are good anglers, we must allow. It is a puzzle why men will marry girls who have had to work for a living. We expect Mrs. Frank Chase will put on as many airs as a peacock, and strut around with the best of them. We wonder if her husband will not feel like crawling into a knot-hole when his wife is guilty of some breach of etiquette or overdoes her company manners! There'll be a good deal of laughing, tittering and snickering in society if Mrs. Frank Chase should make some blunders. It would serve the said Mrs. Chase perfectly right. She has aspired too high, and should be taught to have her place. They say, the truth of the matter is, that she tried to discourage his attentions on account of their different stations in life, but that his parents were as pleased with her as he was himself, and are delighted at the match, which we think is all *fudge*. She baited the hook; he bit at it, and she landed him."

How's that for an item of interest in the *Gos sington Slasher*? These sentences seem of the greatest importance, since they are so mingled with people's conversations. There must be an immense sight of gratification in listening to such speeches; there is so much to be learned therefrom. There is so much sweetness in them, that used as a topic of conversation at the breakfast or supper table, they will save a great quantity of sugar. Are not these speeches uttered with all the sweetness of maple-honey, and do not the makers of them wear the calmest of expressions, almost making them appear like saints? Of course these poor souls think they are acting for the good of humanity, and that they are going to put a stop to any such matrimonial folly in the future. On the other hand, they may be striving to see what success they will have at mischief-making. They are on the right road to make a grand strike. If they'll keep at their meritorious work, lawyers will have as many libel suits to attend to as they can take care of.

When the blame comes upon themselves, and they receive as many blows as they have given, they will hold up their hands in holy horror, and think how ungrateful the world is to them for doing what they considered was their duty. They firmly resolve never to do the like again, and they keep that resolve until the first chance they have to break it. And then the world is again deluged with more of these "items of interest."

EVE LAWLESS.

## NOVELTIES.

In this rushing world of ours, perhaps nothing is more rushed after than novelties, which, oftentimes, are not so much novelties after all as a revival of old times, customs and costumes. Fashion must have its novelties, and few there are who will not sacrifice money, health and comfort for the sake of obeying its despotic rule. Yet, in all these changes in style, there may be traced a resemblance with the dresses of our ancestors. We take up fashion books of years ago and those of the present day, and we see much that is ridiculous in both, yet a careful observer will notice how, year by year, we are adopting and adapting ideas of the past. To us the queer garments of "Auld Lang Syne" look exceedingly laughable, but to those who lived in that day they appeared exceedingly proper and becoming, and I have heard that the gentlemen did not make so much sport of the ladies' garments then as we do now of the present fashions. Now a query arises: Were our ancestors more consistent than we are?

Everything new, that is fashionable, people must have, even if it is ever so uncomfortable; it must be had because it is a novelty. Cost, discomfort or inconvenience must not be thought of. Whether it is healthy or not must not be taken into consideration. If it is fashionable—if it is a novelty, it must be had; that settles the matter.

When other things had subsided into calmness, then came the revival of cremation, which, as it never was in vogue in this country, had all the attractiveness of a novelty, and probably no topic has been more discussed than that; even the humorists have had their fling at it. Whether it will prove a success in this age of the world remains to be seen. It will take time to bring many to believe in it; to many minds there is something repugnant in having their dead friends burned, yet there are others who are spending much money to have it prove successful. Will the idea last? We scarcely think so—may we not say, *hope* so? Is it not one of those novelties which spring up like the flowers in spring, only to remain a few weeks, die out and be forgotten, to give place to something newer and fresher?

It must prove that we are discontented with our surroundings when we are desirous for so much change and so dissatisfied as to follow new and extravagant ideas.

We must believe in progress when that progress is for the bettering of oneself and mankind, but cremation dates from Pagan times, and, if we look at the matter in this light, we are not progressing, but going backward. If it is going to be beneficial, it should be successful, but we should weigh all such matters well before hastily giving our opinion.

You may ask why cremation is finding so much favor. I should answer by asking another question: Why does anything *new*? Simply because it is new. People want something out of the common order, and must have something of a novel and exciting nature to keep them busy talking. If some one were to state that it was fashionable to hang oneself, the supply of hemp would soon give out.

F. S. F.

## OLD AGE.

A CERTAIN tribe of savages in the interior of Africa kill all their old folks, and I think the same custom prevails among some of the inhabitants of the frigid zone. "Old people are useless," argue they, "no comfort to themselves or anybody else, and it is better to put them out of the way." We in the temperate zone do not go to such extremes. We only laugh at old people, and treat them with disrespect; at least we do so until they reach extreme old age, and then we begin to lionize them as curiosities. "Such an old lady does her own housework, and has knit ever so many pairs of socks the past year." "Such an old gentleman has saved—cords of wood the last season, and has voted for every President since Washington." Old age in itself is not revered.

The want of reverence is widespread. Let a building be hallowed by the noblest and tenderest associations, some one covets the ground on which it stands, ruthless hands are laid upon its strong oak frame, and it soon lies a mass of old lumber.

A little tree is set out by a young man. Year by year it lifts its head a little higher. Its green top grows more compact, and one spring a pair of birds fly about it, and after mature consideration decide that it is large enough to build a nest in.

The young man marries, and a family of children play under its spreading branches. Time passes, the young man grows old, and is gathered to his fathers. People begin to say the "tree is old and must be cut down." To be sure, it looks strong and vigorous, all but a small branch or two, reminding us in their abject sense of foliage of gray hairs. These come easily removed, but no, the old tree must come down. We watch the proceedings with sad eyes. A young man nimbly ascends and begins to saw off some of the upper branches. Our sadness is a little tempered by admiration for the strength and fearlessness of the young athlete. But what do we hear! Curses many and loud come down to us from those green branches, where birds have built their nests, and sung their matins and vespers, where the winds of heaven have made such sweet music, and where we should think prayer and praise would have fallen naturally from the lips of man. But want of reverence for God's works, leads to, and in fact is, want of reverence for Him.

At last the mournful-looking dismembered trunk is to be cut at the base. Stout men hack away the strong wood of the tree, and their axes fly back as though they were striking iron. After hours of hard labor they pull with the ropes attached to the top. A dozen men pull with might and main. Still the staunch veteran will not give way. More cutting, more pulling, passers-by seize hold of the ropes as though they were doing a good and not a bad thing. This united strength is put forth. It gives, its heart breaks, it falls. The cold winds of winter have tossed its bare branches, the droughts of summer have tried its roots, the hurricane which uprooted many a younger tree, assailed its sturdy trunk, but all in vain. Four men with axes, saws, ropes and ladders have labored nearly three days to remove the poor old tree, too feeble to be allowed to stand.

## UNTIDY PEOPLE.

MEN are said to be untidier than women. "One boy creates more trouble in a house than three girls," says many a suffering mother. But, after all, she's to blame for it; there's no real reason why a boy should not form tidy habits. One of the benefits that the mother of sons can confer on her sex, and all the world besides, is to form in them the habit of putting things in place. This can be done only by following them round and requiring them, when they have done with a book, to put it back on the shelf where it belongs; when they take off their overcoats to hang them on the rack; when skates are unstrapped or boots taken off that they be put somewhere else besides on the hearth-rug or under foot; when slippers are removed that they at once rest in their appropriate case. The law of habit thus imposed will gradually extend its domain till it includes everything the boy handles or calls his own, and exercises an influence on all he is and does. In a house inhabited by such men and boys, "putting things to rights" will occupy a very brief daily interval.

## Foolscap Papers.

### My Old Flame.

The girl I once loved I did love warmer than a hot horseshoe which a barefooted boy steps on in a blacksmith-shop.

I used to gaze upon her as it were through the green goggles of jealousy, and I was madder than a house-cat with his toes trod on if she ever spoke to any other young fellow.

I got the inflammation of the brain in thinking her more beautiful than a confectionery-shop full of striped candy, and if she wasn't the most adorable creature that ever promaded the earth in tight shoes then I will be willing to eat my hat without salt.

The music of her voice was sweeter than the ripple of maple molasses running over buck-wheat-cakes, and I hope I may never stir—a lemonade—if she wasn't kinder than a step-mother the first few days after marriage.

Her eyes were bluer than a barrelful of indigo on a blue day—they were the very blue of bliss.

When she told me she loved me I trusted her with all the confidence with which a butcher trusts his most favorite customer.

How queenly was her gait! All the gates in town hadn't the poetry of motion which she possessed, although they swung on the newest of hinges.

She had more grace—as I used to tell her—than could be said at all the breakfast tables in the United States.

I was just as constant in my attention on her as my tailor ever could be constant in his attendance upon me, although he waited longer on me than I ever did upon her.

I have often got into a brown study, and under some far-fetched poetical inspiration thought that my affection for her was several degrees stronger than last year's butter on this year's boarding-house table, and it had a firmer hold upon me than any steel-trap ever had on the leg of a dorkie searching around a hen-coop after chickens. I could no more shake it off than I could shake off a bulldog or theague.

When I had nothing else to do I used to sit down and think about her, and when I had something to do I used to sit down and think about her the same.

Her face was printed upon my imagination in indelible ink and warranted not to wash out, even after boiling.

I would have shrunk like a new linen coat from ever speaking to another girl in town because I thought there was no other girl who

could even hold a candle or a coal-oil lamp to her who was the idol of all my idleness.

Her cheeks were like a garden of red roses and hollyhocks inclosed in a white fence, and I was as happy as a boy in an early water-melon patch whenever I was allowed to wipe my lips and press them against those cheeks.

If it was the last fifteen cents I ever expected to get I would have given them just to have her say, "Howdy do, dear!" and she was dearer to me than a wagon-load of elephants.

I couldn't live away from her any more than a tadpole could live away from its native home in a mud-puddle, and she used to observe in her most dulcet tones that I should come back again like a counterfeit bill.

I didn't care any more for boiled noodles when I loved her than I cared for roasted monkey, and whenever she spoke my name it sounded sweeter than seventeen hand-organs boiled down with the accompanying monkeys.

I used to fondly affirm that her features were more attractive to me by far than a long row of red circus bills.

What would I have not dared for her dear sake! I could have hired some one to climb into a four-story fire after her. I could have jumped into a drove of the most ferocious pigs and saved her from being eaten up. I could have bribed some big fellow to lick anybody who spoke lightly of her.

Her teeth—ah, her teeth! were as white as common country butter, and her lips were red as the last sum of rosemary—I mean the last rose of summer.

"How softly moves the feet of time  
That only trends on flowers."

The hours went as lightly over our lives as a drove of little red ants over a new iron bridge, and my nights were as full of dreams of her as an old cheese is full of—I mean as a basket is full of chips.

But such smiles! they hang around in the garrets of my memory still, like imprisoned June bugs in a wire net-trap, and they were worth more by the dozen, I used to think, than any others in the market. If I ever was down-hearted they would lift me out of trouble, as it were, by the coat-collar.

She so far surpassed all other girls that she stood higher than a bow-kite in my estimation; besides, she was sharper than pure cider vinegar, or a circular saw, newly ground.

What she didn't know of knowledge she never tried to learn, and she could play the piano till there wasn't any more music in it.

But the course of true love doesn't always run on wheels, as Shakespeare observed, and all at once we brought up against a stump—the stump happening to be another ambrosial chap, a little bigger and better-looking than myself, and I was knocked off the track and never survived the shock.

But I still think that she was about the sweetest girl that ever masticated chewing-gum or fractured an earthenware heart.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## Woman's World.

### TRAVELING DRESSES AND ADJUNCTS.

Now that the season is here when everybody expects to go somewhere, the style of the traveling dress is a matter of some interest.

We can say that fashion, this summer, exercises a great deal of common sense in traveling dresses. These are made up in the usual style of three pieces, plaids combined with plain stuffs, but all elaborate. The intricacies of trimming are avoided so far as consistency will allow. Knickerbocker woollens are very popular, strong, yet light and soft; the ground is plain, with a slight roughness caused by knotted threads. These cost from 75 cents to \$1 a yard. All-wool twilled de beige is also very popular for traveling and every day wear. This season it comes figured and plaided, as well as twilled. Brown is the favorite color, and will be the leading color for autumn fabrics.

Sensible modistes make traveling suits in the plain cuirass basque, simply piped at the edges; a long full round overskirt, slightly draped; the skirt must be short enough to escape the ground, and be trimmed in a fashion not easily injured by dust or dampness. More costly costumes have a silk skirt twisted to fine camel's hair or de beige. Knife platings can be used upon these.

Polonaises have appeared again, being considered particularly necessary for traveling. There are some in the Marguerite shape, draped away from the form; others with the semblance of an apron front, having a postilion back. The convenience of the polonaise is its large pockets and simple adjustment to its best recommendation for use and comfort. Linen dusters are made up in several styles. A convenient shape is the "Ulster," with pointed hood and belt. The waist is somewhat shaped to the form, yet is sufficiently loose to be worn over a traveling dress; the fullness of the skirt is massed into a plait in the back.

Russia leather belts are plain and narrow; the little bag attached is no longer strictly fashionable, but can be worn as a matter of taste and convenience. A hat for traveling is not considered so useful a hat for traveling as a brown or black English straw. The brim must shade the face, and the trimming should be simply a scarf of silk and bird's wing on the side; or the scarf may be made of granadine or tissue, the long ends to be brought from the back and tied loosely beneath the chin.

Pretty striped cuffs and colors are worn when becoming, or ruffles if preferred, and striped stockings as a matter of course. Undressed kid gloves are very popular, and there are fine perfectly fitting thread gloves with two and three buttons. There are excellent bargains to be had at some of the furnishing houses in the shape of good-sized black wicker baskets. These contain one long brown Holland duster and a skirt of pretty striped chintz or cambric, well made and intended to slip on over a handsome traveling costume—price, \$9.

## OCCUPATION.

WHAT a glorious thing for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own fears, weaving the dim shadow that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral hall, the strong spirit is shorn of its strength, and sorrow becomes our master. When trouble flows upon you dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent, rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm with a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief after all is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself in the indulgence of any passion which brings no good to his fellow-men.

## Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MSS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use the Commercial Note also paper on most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We must decline the following, and return only those having stamps inclosed: "By the Wind," "Capt. Campbell's Second Love," "Aspen and Character," "The Death-token," "Lady Lallande," "Memories," "Smither's Adventure."

These MSS. we place on accepted list: "The Dead Traveler," "The Engineer of the Rigolotta," "A Queer Case," "Mrs. Poppenhauer's Neighborhood," "Little Soberides," "In Pace," "A Dream of Fairies," "The Battle."

TEX BOYS. Rocky Mountain Rob. (of the Dick Talbot Series of Novels) by Albert W. Aiken, is now ready in a fine volume—price twenty cents! See announcement elsewhere and be happy.

FLORIST. We have a "Revolution" story awaiting its turn.

GEO. H. H. Poem good enough, but much too long for our space.

CHAS. DE S. Muriatic acid is the same as hydrochloric acid.

AL. P. C. Denver. We do not care to see the MSS. mentioned for the *Western School*.

DARWIN 20. There is no known "remedy" for the grasshopper plague. They are not grasshoppers, but a species of locust.

DASHING CHARLEY. "Tracked to Death," commenced in No. 97. "Peculiar Barque" in No. 172; "Old Hurricane" in No. 155.

THOMAS D. We know of no deplorable which is safe to use. Better shew than resort to dangerous remedies against hair growth.

JIM N. J. Sullivan Co., N. Y., is full of trout streams. We will have a paper prepared on trout-fishing, by an old sportsman, with rod and reel, designed to give all necessary instruction.

COOPER JOHN. The "solid kegs" you refer to are made by a new patent process. A piece of wood of proper length is steamed, then put in a lathe and a "shaving" taken off of any required thickness. This is cut up in sections, each of which makes the body of a keg. No staves are used. It is a good and economical invention.

OLD DOATER. An adopted child should not be given to you but apprenticed or "bound" by its proper parents or guardians—otherwise it is liable to reclamation. You of course are at liberty to will all your property to such a child, even though it is in no way connected with you.

IDAHO. The word "cabbage" in the sense of *stealing*, is from the Gaelic *cabaich*, to notch, indent, make square or blunt by cutting off the end of anything; hence applied to tailors and milliners, who are supposed to cut off the ends of the pieces of the cloth, silk, velvet or other materials entrusted to them to be made up.

MISS NATTIE R. Young ladies cannot travel in Europe without an escort. For a young lady there to travel alone, or a spectator of the games, is as very improper. Married ladies, however, may travel with their maids for attendants, but even that is not favored.

ILLINOISIAN. Whisky is an antidote for rattlesnake bite. Such is the popular notion, but is inflected, it possible, being careful, of course, to spit out the saliva. Then use on the wound, if you have it, a strong solution of ammonia (hartshorn); then drink enough whisky to produce their drunkenness; and the effects of the poison will scarcely be noticeable. This has been tested hundreds of times.

J. M. S. Chicago. Usually it is best to sleep on the right side, to relieve the liver and bowels. There are a dozen recipes for coloring blue. For ribbons obtain the aniline blue, sold by the stores expressly for home use. You are a step-grandmother, we suppose, to a step-grandfather.—A good trade for a weak man is that of jeweler and watchmaker or repai—A certain amount of walking is sometimes very necessary for health.

DRUNKIST. Cases of "spontaneous combustion" of those greatly addicted to liquor drinking are reported but not well authenticated. Experiments show that the flesh of drunkards is not more inflammable after death than the flesh of sober men, have been abstemious; even when soaked for several days in alcohol, it burns with difficulty.

JEROME PARK INQUIRER. We have the record of what is given as the best *padding* time ever made, viz.: One mile to saddle, 3:14; Billy Joyce, one mile to harness, 2:18; Pet, one mile to wagon, 2:17; Pocahontas.

DANDY CHICK. The exquisite song, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," was written by our contributor, Eben E. Spaulding, a young man who reached Europe, where it is now a great favorite, as it deserves to be. Mr. Rexford is one of America's sweetest song writers.

MISS ETHEL R. Button gaiters are yet the style, but the sides are necessary for coming in and out of favor again, as they give a perfect fit, and are easily adjusted to the foot when it swells with fatigue or over exertion; both serge and morocco are called for these gaiters.

COMPLAINER. Belgian workmen are among the best in the world in all departments of manufacture or labor in which they enter. This is due to no special genius for industry on their part, but to the simple fact that, being a free people, they devote all its energies to developing its industries—on which its prosperity rests. With only 11,300 square miles of territory, the country yet produces of the food its 5,200,000 inhabitants consume, and so cheap is food that a good dinner may be had for twelve cents. Hence happiness and prosperity, even though the wages are very small. The same industry and economy in this country would make us by far the richest people the world ever knew. Understand the Belgian before you condemn us for being poor.

A. A. A. Atlanta. Steamer fares at present to Europe are quoted—New York and Havre, \$32 gold; New York to Bremen, \$32 currency. Red Star line to Antwerp "as low as the lowest." Steamer passages are especially cheap in the Havre steamers. All necessities are supplied (*gratis*, of course). The passage occupies about 10 days. Second cabin rates are about double steamer rates; first cabin about treble. All foreign steamers sail from docks in Jersey City or Hoboken.

YOUNG DARCY. It is not definitely known what the lawyers in the great Beecher-Tilton suit are to receive for their services. Their fees come out of those who employed them, not out of the city treasury. The city pays the jury, judge and court officers' fees and expenses, but nothing more. We presume the plaintiff's friends will assist in paying his lawyers—whose united fees will not be less than \$25,000.

MRS. JARED S. A dozen good remedies against moths are in use. A very good and simple way to remove the pests is to pour strong ammonia on the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edges before laying the carpets. Then once or twice during the season sprinkle dry salt over the carpet before sweeping, and spray it with water, and sufficient adheres to the carpet to prevent their lighting upon it. Your furs or fine woollens should, by all means, be put away in *paper bags*, closely tied up, and liberally sprinkled with pepper (before sealing).

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

A NEW, CHEAP SERIES  
OF  
The Most Popular Novels,  
BY THE  
MOST POPULAR AND BRILLIANT AUTHORS,  
IS INITIATED BY THE ISSUE OF  
**Rocky Mountain Rob,**  
BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

NOW READY: COMPLETE: PRICE, TWENTY CENTS!  
300 PAGES, 12MO.



## UNDER THE TREES.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Under the apple trees we sat  
Many a year ago;  
Ah, little were we dreaming that  
Stern fate would treat us so.  
Shady and green they are as then,  
When blossoms from them fell,  
Away in the beautiful glen,  
The place you knew so well.  
That you're not here to sit with me  
Under those trees again,  
To talk of things that are to be,  
It gives me untold pain.  
The shade is cool and sweetly still,  
The robin's song doth swell  
In chorus with both brook and mill,  
Music you loved so well.  
Many a time have scar leaves dropped  
From trees in autumn's reign,  
Many a time has the mill-brook stopped,  
And snow upon it lain.  
Lilies as oft have bloomed upon  
The grave we for you made,  
Lifting their heads above the stone  
Which marks where you are laid.  
Often I've sat as I do now,  
Reminiscing, ah, so well,  
The time I made my solemn vow,  
When apple blossoms fell.  
But not our love with fruit grew ripe,  
For I was then a blighted way,  
By fate's strong hand of iron gripe,  
And I still mourn the day.  
Under the leafless trees I'll sit,  
With heart as bare as they,  
While sunlit gleams of memory flit  
By me and pass away.  
Sorrow will come with shadow-gloom,  
When robins all have flown,  
And dreary visions upward loom,  
While I sit here alone.

## How She Humiliated Him.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

GRACE RUTHVEN sat and sewed, her pretty face bent over the dress she was making for Mrs. Atwater, and her round cheeks flushing occasionally, while she listened to the conversation passing between that lady and her comely, comfortable bachelor brother—Ralph Edmond, who sat, as usual, in his invalid chair, with a gay Afghan over his knees, and a goblet of medicine and a silver spoon on the little round marble commode beside him.

A big, muscular fellow he was, who would have been handsome had it not been for a certain querulous expression on his face—the result of tedious confinement in his chair from rheumatism; a gentleman who had lots of money, and who had become quite used to ordering the women folks around since his illness; and who, somehow or other, had become cross and caustic and contradictory of late.

To-day, he and his sister were having a gossip, as usual, and Grace Ruthven sat and sewed and listened—speaking only when directly appealed to; but feeling strangely miserable and angry and sorry, as she heard Mr. Edmond express some of his views on marriage.

It must be confessed, just here, that the reason Grace was miserable and angry and sorry, was because she had, quite unaccountably, given a large portion of her thoughts and admiration to this gentleman, much to the discouragement of Frank Noire, who had been prime favorite a long while.

Yes, little Grace, plump as a robin, with her fresh pearly cheeks, and her sunny yellow hair, and her dancing blue eyes, that made her as truly a beauty, as though she were not a village dressmaker, sat and sewed and blushed, and wanted to cry, and had to laugh and listen—all because Mr. Edmond was so cruelly demolishing her beautiful air-castles.

"Isn't it horrible of him, Miss Ruthven? Did you ever hear a man talk so before? The idea of his actually swearing he never will get married!"

Grace lifted her face, half defiantly, to Mr. Edmond's.

"Perhaps he has already been refused."

Mrs. Atwater laughed, but a frown deepened on the gentleman's forehead.

"I can assure you, Miss Ruthven, there is no woman living who ever did, or ever will, refuse me. Marriage is a grand mistake; a woman accepts a man because he can support her, and love's out of the question."

"Ralph, you're dreadful! Think of the companionship; the sympathy, the—"

But the gentleman was in for a row this time, evidently, by the way he snapped her up.

"Fiddlesticks! Annie, do bathe my foot again—if you think you can do so without half-murdering me. Ah!"

Mrs. Atwater flew for the lotion, her face all anxiety and womanly sympathy.

"Poor boy! you do suffer so awfully, don't—"

Her sisterly words were suddenly cut short, by a howl from Ralph's lips; and the liniment bottle cut a fancy dash in the air.

"Do you want to kill me, massacre me, in cold blood, you woman?"

Just then Grace looked up in alarm at the tone, to see him holding his painful foot in a protecting, agonized sort of way, while Mrs. Atwater, with tears in her tender blue eyes, stood in guilty fright.

"Oh, Ralph—I thought I was so careful—your poor foot!"

"Who cares what you think? If there's anything on earth that's not fit to live, it's a woman that isn't gentle in her touch. Get away! I'll bathe it myself!"

A little smile hovered on Grace's red lips, as she quietly laid down her sewing and arose.

"Mrs. Atwater, can I assist? Mr. Edmond, pray let me redeem my sex. I think I can bathe you without hurting you."

She knelt down and took his foot, cushion and all, carefully in her lap; took the bottle from his hand, and as he leaned back in his chair with a groan, fairly surprised into silence, commenced her difficult, yet successful task.

Mrs. Atwater looked on in speechless amazement, while Mr. Edmond seemed bewildered that Grace didn't torture him dreadfully.

As Grace's delft fingers replaced the bandage, Mr. Edmond opened his eyes languidly.

"You're the finest woman I ever saw, Miss Ruthven; and if it wasn't for my solemn determination never to marry, I'd offer myself this minute."

With which protested compliment, Mr. Edmond settled back cozily again, conscious he had said a most magnificent thing to an appreciative recipient.

But, Grace answered very ungratefully, "Thank you, sir; but I am not the sort of woman who would tolerate an offer of marriage, when, in reality, I was only given the position of head-nurse without any stated salary."

Mrs. Atwater bit her lips in alarm at Grace's bold temerity; and Mr. Edmond opened his eyes wide in equal astonishment that any woman was so stupidly disregarding of one of his compliments.

He looked at her closely. Her eyes were

flashing with the eagerness of her defense; her cheeks flushed, her face all excitement.

She was pretty, Mr. Ralph Edmond was bound to admit, and she could bathe a fellow's foot; and a sudden, sad sensation went over him which he could not recognize, but it was all over him, and it was intimately connected with little Grace Ruthven. And Grace herself, as she sat placidly down to her sewing, beat one of her little feet resolutely.

"He shall be humiliated, and I'll do it, if it takes all my life long."

And by the way she nodded her head, Mrs. Atwater knew something was up; while Mr. Edmond, watching her between half-closed lids, felt a decided increase of that funny feeling all over him.

"I tell you what it is, Annie Atwater; I'll not submit to your atrocious nursing an hour longer. Go along to your babies, and let me alone for one minute's peace at least."

Poor Mrs. Atwater looked distressed, and ready to cry.

"Oh, Ralph, don't be so cross; I am sure I do all I can for you, and if your poor foot is so terribly sensitive, I cannot help hurting a little."

"You can't, eh? Then I'll see if that sensible little woman that sewed here can't hurt me more. Where is she?—oh-h-h!"

And the really agonizing pain drew a gasp of agony from him, and made his very lips white and tense. Then, the paroxysm over, he was less snarling than before—men often are just so.

"It's little Miss Ruthven I want to nurse me. You're good enough, Annie, and I am a great boor to snap you so, but I need a regular attendant, don't I?"

Mrs. Atwater brightened. He was a dear, good fellow after all, and no more like himself with this tedious, painful inflammatory rheumatism than an angel was like a fireman.

And although Mrs. Annie had several times privately decided he acted remarkably like a boor, still he was a noble, generous, handsome fellow, and Grace Ruthven should come and take care of him.

So she put on her hat, and ran down street to find Grace, sewing, as usual.

"Oh, Grace, I am so glad to find you home; are you busy?" Grace laughingly held up her work.

"You see."

"Oh, but I don't mean that. Of course, you are busy, just this minute, but I mean have you a rush ahead? because brother Ralph has sent for you to come to our house indefinitely, to take care of him."

Just the tiniest flush mounted to Grace's cheeks, just the vaguest glitter to her eyes; but Mrs. Atwater only observed the thoughtful, calculating way Grace received the proposition.

"Yes; I see nothing to prevent my nursing Mr. Edmond—a week or so, anyway. He's no worse, is he?"

A horrified expression came into Mrs. Atwater's face.

"Oh, good Lord, save us if he was, when he's crosser than a bear now! Why, Grace, you've no idea what a trial that man is. He won't let you come within a yard of him without yelling out: 'hold on, will you! don't touch my foot!' and if he's been satisfied with his victuals once in three months, I have forgotten it. Oh, he's a trial!"

Grace carefully folded away her sewing, an odd little smile on her lips.

"You may tell Mr. Edmond I will enter upon my duties after to-day; I have an engagement this afternoon and evening with Mr. Noire. We are going to the Cliff for a ride."

"Frank Noire's a lucky fellow, Grace, and I shan't say a word if he spoils my plans. You never can know, though, how I had set my heart on you and Ralph."

A quiet, dignified look from Grace, quenched her sisterly enthusiasm.

"To-morrow I will come, Mrs. Atwater, with no conditions of service but one—my evenings are to be free whenever, in my judgment, my patient is safe to be left."

Mrs. Atwater faithfully delivered Grace's messages, to which Mr. Edmond listened with ill-concealed dissatisfaction.

"Gone riding with that young jackanapes, eh? Well, women are fools, and your wonderful Miss Grace is no exception. Evenings free, to go carriage riding again, I reckon. Is she in love with him, or not?"

He turned quite fiercely on his sister.

"I think she is, Ralph, but not more than he is with her."

"Haumph! shut the door, will you? Don't you feel the draft I'm in?"

And that night his lordship was crosser than X.

The glorious golden days went floating by, each more perfect than the other, and still Grace kept her post at Mr. Edmond's chair.

He was improving now, rapidly. Every day he could hobble out in the sunshine, leaning on Grace's arm; every day he grew more and more like himself, every day less and less a bear. There were long, delicious hours when he lay on the lounge, watching Grace flitting around; hours when he lay and listened to her read; times—best of all—when she hovered over him, arranging his handsome hair, bathing his face, combing his whiskers—all of which things he positively was not equal to doing, according to his view of his condition.

And Grace did everything for him; and if there were times when there was a shadow on her bright face, or a piteous pain in her eyes, it was not for long; yet, rapidly as they came and went, Ralph Edmond saw them, and worried immensely.

He was very fond of asking about Frank Noire; and Grace was equally fond of tormenting him by her replies.

And so the days went on, with graver shadows at times on Grace's face, and flitting, fleeting flushes. With more and more of civility and true manly courtesy in Ralph Edmond's manner, until the brisk September days brought actual health and self to him again.

"And now—I am going home to-morrow," said Grace, that last moonlight evening, when she and Ralph sat inside the window, both strangely still and grave.

Ralph started at her words.

"To-morrow! going away to-morrow! Why, whatever will become of me—of us, I mean?"

She tossed her head lightly.

"Oh, you'll get along. What should I stay for, longer?"

It was a fateful question, and by the sudden passion that leaped into Edmond's face, Grace knew what a fire she had evoked.

"What for, Grace? Because I want to keep you by me always. Because you are the only woman I ever loved—because you will say 'yes' when I beg you, as I do now, to be my darling wife."

Grace's breath came in short, painful gasps

as he leaned his face nearer hers. Her hour had come—she had accomplished her self-imposed task—she had brought this man to her feet, after all he had said!

A moment's hesitation; then:

"You are altogether mistaken, Mr. Edmond. I told you once before, I think, I did not aspire to the position of head nurse. Besides—possibly I may marry Mr. Noire."

It was cruel in her, but she said it, bravely, boldly, and then—went home.

And such a going home! her limbs trembling under her, her heart palpitating madly, her eyes filled with tears, her heart sick and sore and rebellious.

And, because, in her foolish endeavor to "humiliate" Ralph Edmond, she had stabbed herself to the core, and trampled on the one heart she would have given worlds to have accepted!

She hated herself, and Frank Noire, now that she had deliberately refused Ralph Edmond; she despised herself, but what availed it? The deed was done, the die was cast, and she had miserably failed, and was henceforward doomed to be wretchedly unhappy.

Mrs. Atwater rushed frantically in, a week later, to find Grace sewing; placid, pale, and suspiciously quiet.

"Grace, do come, if you've a spark of pity! Ralph's in the most awful faint—been laying like a dead man for an hour or more!"

A horrible shiver of pain curdled over Grace as she arose hurriedly.

"I don't know what's come over him since you've been gone, but he's not the same man. His appetite's gone, and he's been feverish-like, and then this fainting-spell; I suppose it's weakness, don't you?"

So they hurried along, and went into the room where he lay—white, deathly, still, and then—Grace's composure deserted her, and with a low cry of anguish she sunk on the floor beside the sofa, her hands caressing his face, his hair, her choking voice calling his name, her warm lips pressed on his unconscious forehead.

Mrs. Atwater stood in dumb amazement, until Grace turned in almost fierce command.

"Bring camphor and water, as quick as you can! He mustn't die—he shall not die, while I have life and love to save him. He's my darling, my darling; and I love him so dearly, for all I was so cold and cruel, and told such a wicked lie!"

Then—

"Thank you, Grace; I am better for hearing that. So you will be my wife—and head nurse—after all!"

Ralph's own natural tone, weak, but natural; a scream from Mrs. Atwater, and a cry of ecstasy from Grace, as blushing and repentant and happy, she fell on her knees at his side. And that is "how she humiliated him!"

## Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,  
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "A WFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

ACCEPTED.

AWAY beyond the Nun's Grave the green lanes and winding avenues of Cliffe Park lost themselves in a dry arid marsh, where tall, blue rockets and flame-colored flowers danced crazy fandangoes in the wind, where sheep and cattle grazed in the rank grass, and where wild strawberries were sown like scarlet stars, on the golden June evening, when the betrothed lovers stood talking by the fallen elm. At the head of the grave was a wild jungle of tall fern, and juniper, and reeds, shaded by thick elms and beeches—a lonely spot, in whose greenish black gloom many a dark deed might be committed, and no one the wiser—a place as gloomy and silent, and lonely, as the heart of a primeval forest. But it was not deserted now: crouching among the fern and reedy blossoms was a figure in white—a slender, girlish figure, with crimson buds wreathed in the bands of her shining dark hair—a figure that on coming toward the Nun's Grave, had discovered two others approaching it from an opposite direction, and had shrunk down here out of sight. Unseen and unheard, she had listened to the whole conversation; and it was well neither saw the terrible eyes gleaming upon them from the green vines, or they scarcely would have walked back to the dinner-table as composedly and as happily as they did. She had started at first, flushing redder than the roses in her hair; but this had passed away as quickly as it came; and as she half-sat, half-kneel, and listened, she seemed slowly petrifying, turning from stone to ice. Long after they went away she knelt there, like something carved in marble, her dress and face all one color; her eyes looking straight before her with a dull, glazed, vacant stare. So long she knelt, that the red lanterns of sunset piercing the shifting green gloom had died out one by one, and the evening wind sighing from the sea stirred restlessly in the branches of the elms overhead. Then she arose, with a face that no one had ever seen Barbara Black wear before. They had seen her in sorrow, in anger, in pride, and joy; but never with a face like that, so set, so stone-like, so rigidly calm. She might have been a galvanized corpse; only no corpse ever had the eyes wherein the light of life burned with so fierce and steady a glare. She had not gone to Cliftonlea that day to see the triumphal procession enter; always jealously proud, she was more exclusively so now than ever, for the sake of another. Oh, no; it would never do for the future bride of Leicester Cliffe to be splashed with the mud of his chariot wheels, like the rest of the common herd; so, smiling in heart she had dressed herself in the flowing white robes of the May Queen, in which he had seen her first, and gone forth like a bride to meet him.

Of course he had been thinking of her all day, and losing his sleep thinking of her all night, and fretting himself into a fever ever since he went away, to get back to love and her—men always do in such cases! Of course, the first visit of so ardent a lover would be to the spot made sacred by their plighted vows; and she would be there, beautiful and radiant in her bridal robes, and be the first to greet him home! Young ladies in love are invariably fools, and they generally get a fool's reward. Barbara was no exception; and verily she had her reward. As she rose up and turned away, she tottered, and leaned for a moment against a tree, with both hands clasped hard over her heart.

"Oh, fool! fool!" she cried out, in bitter scorn of herself. "Poor, pitiful fool! to think that this heart should quail for one instant, though trodden under the feet of such a traitor and dastard as that!"

There was a strong net-work of tall rank vines in her path, but she brushed them aside

like a cobweb, and went on over the arid marsh on her way to the gates. Bubbling from a rock very near them, and sparkling clear and bright beneath the shadow of the overhanging fern, was a crystal spring, with a sea-nymph watching over it, and a beautiful little drinking cup, made from a sea shell, hanging from the stone girdle round its waist.

Barbara filled the cup, and was raising it to her lips, when she stopped. For the carved face of the goddess was that of Victoria Shirley, and carved on the rose-tinted shell were the words:

Victoria Regia."

Barbara drew her white lips off her glistening teeth with a low, derisive laugh, and dashed the shell so furiously against the statue that it shivered on her stone bosom into a thousand fragments.

"Oh, if that pretty, rosy, smiling face were only here, how I could beat out every trace of its wax-doll beauty, and send it back, hideous and lacerated, for him to kiss!" she said, looking at the unmoved smile on the stone face, with the eyes of a tigress. "Pretty little devil! If that were she in reality, instead of her stone image, how I could throttle her as she stands! Why, I would rather drink poison than anything on which she had looked! sooner touch my lips to red-hot iron than to anything bearing her name!"

She literally hissed the words out through her set teeth, without raising her voice; and casting one parting look with the same wolfish eyes on the smiling block of stone, she hurried on through the park-gates, and into the cottage, just as the last little pink cloud of sunset was dipping and fading behind the distant hills.

The cottage looked disorderly as usual, with piles of nets and oars, and fish-baskets and oil-cloth garments scattered in the corners, and chairs and tables at sixes and sevens, and perfumed with an ancient and fish-like smell. A wood-fire burned on the hearth, and the green wood did not mend matters by vomiting puffs of smoke, and the kettle on the crane seemed in a fair way to boil sometime before midnight.

In a chair in the chimney-corner, smoking serenely, sat Mr. Peter Black, his hands in his pockets, his hat on his head, and his eyes on the fire; and Barbara, entering, a spotless and shining vision, made him look up. Mr. Black did more than look up—he stared with his eyes open to the widest possible extent.

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Black, still staring in the utmost consternation, "whatever is the matter with the girl?"

Barbara took a long drink of water, and then coming over, rested her arm on the mantel, and faced him with perfect composure.

"What is it, father?"

"What the foul fiend is the matter with you? You look as though you had been dead a week."

"Am I pale?"

"Pale? It's quite horrible, I tell you. Have you seen a ghost?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Black's jaw dropped so suddenly at this announcement, and his eyes opened so wide, that there seemed strong danger of their ever being able to regain their natural position again.

"What—what's that you said?"

"That I have seen a ghost, father—the ghost of truth and honor forever dead!"

Before Mr. Black could frame an answer to this speech, which was to him Greek or thereabouts, the door opened and old Judith, attired in promenade costume—that is, a faded scarlet cloak, with a hood thrown over her head—entered. Now, Judith's promenading three yards beyond her own threshold was so very unusual and striking a circumstance, that Barbara turned to look at her, and Mr. Black took the pipe from his lips, and stared, if possible, harder than ever.

"Why, grandmother?" said Barbara, "where have you been?"

The old woman threw back the hood of her cloak, and showed an animated and sprightly countenance as she drew up her chair and held out her hands, with a shiver, to the blaze.

"Ah!" said Mr. Black, still holding his pipe, and still staring, "that's just what I should like to know. Where have you been?"

"Up to Cliftonlea, to be sure," said Judith, with a low, dry, cackling laugh, and a sly look out of her eyes, first at her granddaughter and then at her son. "Everybody went, and why couldn't I go among the rest?"

Mr. Black gave vent to his suppressed feelings by a deeply bawled oath, and Barbara stood looking at her steadily out of her great dark eyes.

Old Judith cackled again and rubbed her hands.

"It was a fine sight! a grand sight! a brave sight!—finer than anything even at the theater! There were arches with her name on 'em; and flags a-flying; and flowers all along the road for her wheels to go over; and there were four shining horses all covered with silver, holding up their heads as if they were proud of her, and walking on the flowers as if they scorned them and the common-folks who threw them; and there was she, among all the grand ladies and gentlemen, with her silk dress rustling, and her eyes like blue stars, and her cheeks like pink velvet, and her smile like—ah! like an angel!—and she a-flinging of handfuls of silver among the charity-children, as if it was dirt, and she despised it! Ah! she is a great lady—a great lady—a great lady!"

Old Judith rubbed her hands so hard that there seemed some danger of her flaying them, and looked alternately at her son and granddaughter, with a glance of such mingled shyness, cunning, exultation, that the gentleman got exasperated.

"What in blazes?" inquired Mr. Black, putting it temperately. "Is the blessed old scarecrow a-talking of? She can't have been drinking, can she?" Though the adjective Mr. Black used was not exactly "blessed," and though the look with which he favored his tender parent was not the blindest, yet old Judith cackled her shrill laugh again, and diving one skinny arm into the greasy depths of a pocket by her side, fished up a handful of silver coins.

"Look at them!" cried the old lady, thrusting them very near Mr. Black's nose, with an exultant gleam in her greenish black eyes.

"Look at them! She saw me sitting by the roadside, and she threw them to me as she rode past, and asked for Barbara. Stop—keep off—it's mine! give me my money, Barbara!"

Across Barbara's white face there had shot a sudden crimson streak, and in each of Barbara's eyes there had leaped a demon. She had clutched the skinny arm of the old woman in a hand like iron, and wrenched the money from her avaricious clutch, and dashed it with all her might through the window, smashing the glass as it went. Then, without a word she resumed her place at the mantel; but father and grandmother sprung to their feet, the one with a savage oath, the other with a shrill and angry scream.

"What's all this for?" demanded Mr. Black, looking fiercely at his unmoving daughter.

"What the devil has got into the girl?"

She looked at him with a quiet eye.

"You've said it, father—the devil!"

"My money is gone! all my money!" whined old Judith, who stood in mortal dread of her tameless granddaughter. "All my money, and there was three crowns, two half-crowns, and a fipenny bit! And she gave it to me, too, all for myself—the pretty young lady!"

"What did you do it for, you—?" Mr. Black paused with the epithet on his tongue, for something like the savage light in his own eyes shone in his daughter's, and warned him that it would be safer unsaid.

"That's not much!" she said, looking at him with a strange laugh. "What would you say if I murdered somebody and was going to be hanged?"

"Oh, the girl's gone mad! stark, staring mad!" said Mr. Black, staring again, until his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"No, father."

"Curse it, then!" he cried ferociously, "what do you mean by looking and acting like this? Stop glowering on me like that, or I'll smash in your face for you as I would smash an egg-shell."

"And this is my father!" said Barbara with the same wild laugh, and turning toward the door; "don't try it, father; it would not be safe. Good evening to you both."

She walked rapidly out and down to the shore with a step that rung like steel on the rocks. A slender new moon was rising away in the east, and its radiance silvered the waves and lighted the long, white, sandy beach, and black piles of sea-weedy rocks, above them. The tide was far out, and Barbara strode over the wet shingles and slippery sea-weed, heading them no more than if she were gliding over a moonlit lawn, and never stopped until she found herself within the gloomy precincts of the Demon's Tower. Then she glanced round with a look that the arch fiend himself might have envied.

"Here, six years ago, I saved her life," she said. "Oh, beautiful heiress of Castle Cliffe! if that hour would only come back, and I were looking down on your dying struggles, as I could have done that night!"

She leaned against the dark archway, and looked over the rocks. The scene was placid and serene; the waves murmured low on the sands; the boats glided over the silver shining waters, and a gay party of fishermen's girls, their boat floating idly on the long, lazy swell, were singing the "Evening hymn to the Virgin," and the words came clear and sweet to where she stood.

"Ave sanctissima!"

We lift our souls to thee,  
Ora pro nobis.  
This nightfall on the sea,  
Watch us while shadows lie  
Far o'er the waters spread,  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,  
Thine, too, hath bled,  
Thou that hast looked on death  
Aid us, when death is near,  
Whisper of H-aven to faith,  
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear,  
Ora pro nobis.  
The waves must rock our sleep;  
Ora mater ora.  
Bright star of the deep."

It was no whisper of Heaven that changed Barbara's face so strongly as she listened. Her bent brow grew rigid and stern, her eye darkened with deadly resolve, her lips compressed with resolute determination, her hands clenched until the nails sunk into the rosy flesh, and her very figure seemed to dilate and grow tall with the deadliest resolve new-born within her.

"Barbara!" A gentle voice behind pronounced her name, but she never moved or turned round. "Barbara, my dear girl, what are you doing here alone in this place, and at this hour?"

"Thinking, Mr. Sweet."

Mr. Sweet, shining with subdued yellow lustre in the white moonlight, got over the rocks with a face full of concern, and stood beside her.

"And your hands, Barbara—what ails them? they are all bleeding."

She had cut them while coming over the rocks, without ever knowing it; and now she looked down at the flowing blood with an icy smile.

"It's nothing. I have been bleeding inwardly for the last two or three hours, so I am not likely to mind such a trifle as torn hands."

"Poor little hands!" said Mr. Sweet, tenderly, as he took out his handkerchief and began wiping away the blood. "My dear, dear Barbara, what is the meaning of all this?"

"You dear Barbara! How many have you called dear, besides me, to-day, Mr. Sweet?"

"No one; you alone are dear to me, Barbara."

"Oh, to be sure! Men always say that, and always mean it, and always are true. I believe you of course."

"How bitter you are!"



"I don't need you to remind me of that, my good friend."

"You are a woman. Slighted women, they say, never forgive! Barbara, would you be revenged?"

"Such is my intention, Mr. Sweet."

There was such deadly intensity of purpose, in her very quietude, as she said it, that it chilled even Mr. Sweet for an instant—albeit, lawyers' blood does not easily run cold.

"How?" he asked, looking at her earnestly.

"That is my affair, sir."

"Shall I tell you of a speedy revenge, that he will feel, as you can make him feel no other?"

"You may."

"A revenge!" said Mr. Sweet, his very voice trembling with eagerness—"a revenge that will pierce his heart, like an arrow from its shaft—a revenge that will make him feel that he is the jilted one, and not you!"

"Name it?"

"Marry me!"

"Bah!" said she, looking down on him with her scornful eyes. "As if he could not see through so pitiful a sham as that. How reasonable it would look, that I would forsake the heir of Cliffwood, the handsomest man in Sussex, for a poor, paltry attorney, old enough to be my father, and who was, certainly, behind the door when beauty was given out!"

The sallow face of the lawyer turned actually scarlet for a moment; but the next, he laughed, his gay and musical laugh.

"Well, I don't set up for a beauty, Barbara, and you know Madame De Stael says men have the privilege of looking ugly! You have not answered my question. Will you marry me?"

"No!" she said, coldly. "What good would it do?"

"Only this. The young gentleman leaves to-morrow for London, and will not return until next Tuesday. As he returns, let his first greeting be the news that Barbara Black is married! Think how he will feel that?"

"He will not care."

"He will. Men never like the women who have once loved them to marry another, whether or not they have ceased to love her themselves. He never loved you, that is plain; but it will cut him to the quick, nevertheless, to find you care so little for him as to be the bride of another!"

"If I thought he would care!" said Barbara, breathing quick.

"He would care. And if he ever had the smallest spark of love for you, it will spring into a flame the moment he finds he has lost you forever! Think what a triumph it would be for him to hear of his beautiful bride in triumph, while he fancied you were pining here like a love-lorn damsel, fit to cry your eyes out for his sweet sake!"

Her eye was kindling, her cheek flashing, her breath coming quick and fast, but she did not speak.

"You shall be a lady, too, Barbara!" said the phlegmatic Mr. Sweet, kindling, for once, into something like excitement. "You shall hold up your head with the highest in the land—yes, higher than she has ever held hers, with its yellow curls! You shall be a lady, Barbara; yes, I swear it!"

Barbara laughed, something like her old laugh.

"You are simply talking nonsense, Mr. Sweet; neither you nor anybody else can change me from what God made me—a fisherman's daughter!"

"You were never made a fisherman's daughter!" he said, energetically, and then he stopped and knitted his brows, and changed his tone. "But, Barbara, if you want revenge, marry me! I am a rich man, and Mrs. Leicester Cliffe will not long look down on Mrs. Leicester Sweet, depend on that."

"You are very kind, but I am not quite so bad as to take you at your word; for, rest assured, if you married me you would repent it, in mental sackcloth and ashes, all the rest of your life!"

"I will risk it!" he said, with an incredulous smile. "Only consent."

"If I do, you will repent!"

"No."

"I have no love for you. I cannot answer for myself. It shall never be said that I entrapped you or any one else into a marriage, for my own ends. Nothing but evil can come from a connection with me. I am not good; and so I tell you!"

"You are good enough for me, for I love you."

"You will have it, I see. Remember, if I consent, and you repent of it afterward, you have been warned."

"I take all the risk, so that I can take you with it!"

"Very well then, Mr. Sweet!" she said, quietly. "I will marry you whenever you like!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

## Tiger Dick: OR, THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FATE.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE news of the murder of Cecil Beaumont spread through the city like wildfire; and before the expiration of an hour scores were hurrying to the scene of the tragedy, urged by that morbid curiosity which feeds on sensation and excitement. Every scrap of information was seized upon and devoured with ravenous avidity, and the wildest conjectures were bandied to and fro as to the perpetrator and motive of the crime.

When this was exhausted, they wandered aimlessly about the bluff, or sat and watched the boats moving slowly to and fro over the water, dragging for the body.

Meanwhile the officers of the law in town had not been idle; and two hangdog-looking villains were arrested on suspicion, from the fact of their having been unusually "flush" with money on the night before, with no visible means for its honest acquisition; and despite the clamorous protestations of themselves and kindred spirits, they were lodged in jail to await examination.

Out on the bluff, a loud hallo drew the attention of the loungers to some new item of interest. A hat had been found among the bushes further up on the bluff; and near it was a spot bearing evidence of having been the scene of another struggle. Here evidently had taken place the first contest. The combatants had neared the precipice, until one had fallen over the verge, catching at the bushes and tearing them from their hold in his descent. He had evidently been arrested on a ledge, and passed along it, to be met by his adversary

from above and renew the conflict, on the spot first discovered.

This interpretation of the signs lent an aspect of malignant persistency to the murder, that wrought the feeling of resentment toward the murderer to the highest pitch; and the excited throng vented their rage in groans of condemnation, as the hat of the supposed wretch was borne along.

The hat was taken in charge by the proper officers, and carried to town for identification. As they neared the police headquarters another crowd came down the street from the opposite direction, bearing in their midst a young man whose white face and wild eyes attested the terror under which he was laboring. It appeared that he was a lad of not over-brilliant wit; that he was in the habit of fishing with set-lines in Dead Man's Hole; and that while going to remove his lines before the storm, he had heard a voice calling, "Cecil! Cecil!" and shortly afterward a man, bare-headed and evidently in terror, had rushed by him, so near that he caught a full view of his face in the moonlight, before the gathering storm had wholly obscured it. His clouded mind had not given due importance to the circumstance; and his knowledge was only discovered by accident that afternoon.

"Hey, here, hey!" yelled a burly Hibernian, elbowing his way through the crowd. "Bring him along and let him see the b'yes, if it was arry one o' them he was afther seein' lasht noight! Bad luck to the spalpeens that 'ud drag two honest b'yes into a shikrape loike this!"

The fisherman was confronted with the incarcerated ruffians, and declared them the antipodes of the man who had fled past him in the night, who had the appearance of a gentleman. By the influence of an alderman and two or three ward politicians, who were skilled manipulators of the "repeaters," the way was cleared to give the "honest b'yes" an immediate examination; and as it was found that they had only fuddled a countryman with bad whisky and "sharped" him out of his money, they were dismissed, to add fuel to the flame that was destined soon to burst forth in their unreasoning quest of some one upon whom to revenge the indignity of their arrest.

"Hurroo! hurroo!" yelled their irrepressible defender. "Death to the kid-gloved gents that 'ud throo to saddle their misdeeds on two honest b'yes as iver shook leg at a wake, or dropped a spalpeen wid a shillab!"

The crowd cheered approvingly, and the "honest b'yes" were borne off in triumph.

Meanwhile scores of people examined the hat supposed to belong to the murderer. One by one they turned away, until Charley Brewster took it into his hand. Then there was a change. He grew pale and his hand trembled visibly.

"Mr. Brewster, do you recognize the hat?" asked a voice at his side; and he turned to see Mr. Prescott, with the detective, John Smith, at his elbow. The eyes of the latter were fixed upon Charley's face with an unwavering gaze.

"No, no, it cannot be!" replied Charley.

Then his fingers turned down the leather that ran round the inside of the hat. Behind it was a letter, folded into a strip and inserted so as to make the hat fit closer to the head. Charley did not have to unfold it to learn that it was addressed:

"My dear Fred."

Involuntarily he pushed the leather back into its place, and laid the hat on the table, with a face paler than ever.

"Excuse me, Mr. Brewster," said the detective, in a quiet tone, "but you do seem familiar with the hat. To whom does it belong?"

Charley answered only two words:

"Frederick Powell!"

An exclamation of surprise ran through the crowd at this announcement, followed by a deeper one of angry condemnation.

"What!" cried one, "him as robbed his own father, only night before last?"

Charley started and looked inquiringly at the chief of police.

"Folks will have their say, sir," said Mr. Prescott; "and Mr. Powell's apathy certainly has an ugly look about it—when there's scarcely a doubt but the Tiger and his crew are here."

"And what is to be done with Tiger Dick?"

"If Pat Croghan don't get worse, he'll probably be out of jail to-morrow."

Five minutes later the officers were on their way to apprehend Frederick Powell for the murder of Cecil Beaumont.

Meanwhile Florence Goldthorp passed, the morning in agonizing suspense, waiting for some sign of her lover. At noon the report of Cecil's disappearance reached her and cast a chill over her heart. Then came the news of the dreadful discovery at Dead Man's Bluff.

Florence felt her heart stand still, when told that they were dragging the river for the body, and that there were evidences of foul play. She believed in the villainy of Cecil; she knew the sense of injury under which Fred smarted; and she asked herself:

"What if they met last night?"

The suspense became unbearable; and she ordered the carriage, and set out alone for the city. As she neared the business center a wild tumult gradually swelled on the air. The barking of dogs, the rush of hurrying feet, and the hoarse cries of excited men, blended in hideous uproar. Nearer and nearer it drew, increasing at every moment. She could see frightened horses rearing and plunging in the cross street down which it was proceeding.

Suddenly a man, bareheaded and coatless, burst round the corner, and almost at his heels a mob of excited, hallooing pursuers. One look at the white face and streaming hair, and her heart stood still and everything seemed whirling round. The next moment she fought back the vertigo that had seized her, and, grasping the reins, turned her horse round and drove up to the curbstone. Standing upright in the carriage, she waved her scarf and cried:

"Fred! Fred!" with frantic energy.

His eye caught the scarf; he heard her voice; he recognized her; he turned, leaped into the carriage, and fell almost lifeless at her feet.

She struck her horse with the whip; but he only reared back on his haunches, cramped the carriage so as to nearly overturn it, plunged vainly to free himself, and then stood quivering in every muscle. A strong hand was on the bit, and the voice of a master commanded, "Whoa!"

Florence saw the fruitlessness of her efforts; and, stooping down, she took her lover's head in her arms, and turned a white face toward the advancing mob, as if in defiance.

Fred saw failure, and tearing himself from her arms, leaped to the ground, for one more desperate effort. But he was surrounded on every side, and escape was impossible. With a blind instinct of resistance, he fought, knocking his assailants right and left; but a blow from behind felled him stunned and bleeding to the ground.

Florence sprang from the carriage, and would have gone to him even there; but a strong hand detained her and led her back.

Then Charley Brewster came elbowing his way through the crowd to her side.

"This is no place for you, Miss Goldthorp," he said, taking charge of her, and almost lifting her into the carriage. And, almost fainting, she submitted, while poor Fred was carried off insensible, followed by a hooting and wildly gesticulating mob.

"That's him! that's him!" cried the fisherman, as the insensible Fred was borne into the station-house.

"Who!" yelled the redoubtable defender of "honest b'yes." "Down wid the patent-leather gentleman that 'ud let a couple o' lads hang, that niver did the blaggard the world's bit o' harmum!"

And amid yells and imprecations, Fred Powell was thrust into a cell, with a medical attendant to restore him to consciousness, while the police exerted themselves to disperse the howling mob that filled the street.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### BOLTS AND BARS.

NOT in his carriage, but on foot—for it seemed as if he could not go on in the enjoyment of comforts, while the cruel bars shut his wretched son from the sunshine and free air of heaven—Mr. Powell passed along, with slow step and bowed head. Where yesterday he would have been greeted with cordiality and deference, to-day he was passed by with coldness and silence; and men who yesterday would have doffed their hats in servile adulation, to-day stared with scarce-concealed contempt. With the lines deepened on his careworn brow and the threads of silver multiplied in his hair, he challenged their pity, not hatred.

Into the great stone jail and along the echoing corridor he passed; then the keys clanked, the bolts shot back with a harsh grating sound, the iron door creaked on its hinges, and he stood in the cell, whose chained and padlocked air struck a chill to his soul. In a corner, on an iron bed, was stretched the form of a man on his face, motionless as if dead. With a strange thrill he laid a hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"My son!"

The man never moved, nor uttered a sound; but his form thrilled beneath that touch, as with an electric shock, and he said to himself:

"Frederick, my poor, lost boy, what have you done?"

There were tears in his eyes and a sob in his voice. His emotion communicated itself to the prostrate man, and a moan escaped his lips.

"Frederick, we have not ceased to love you. I love you, your sister loves you, still. But, oh, you have wronged our hearts! Why—why did you do this rash act?"

The young man writhed beneath the words of the old man. He turned over; and raising himself on his elbow, displayed his haggard face and bloodshot eyes.

"He had blasted my life, he had made me an outcast, by his hellish plots and duplicity—it is true, though I do not expect you to believe it. I did not mean to kill him; but now that he is dead, I have no regrets."

"Hush! hush, my son!" said the father. "Your bitter words only add to the weight of misery that oppresses my heart. I did not come to listen to expressions of vindictive hatred, but to comfort you and help you in the awful situation in which you have placed yourself."

The young man fell upon his face again with a bitter groan.

"Let them do their worst. I do not care to live."

Long the father talked to his lost boy, until the slanting sunlight cast the shadow of the bars that grated the window in hideous network on the opposite wall. Then strange sounds began to float in on the evening air. At first distant and heard but faintly; then nearer and louder, until the very walls shuddered with the horrid din.

The young man roused himself and started up in terror; the elder sat pale and trembling with an awful dread.

"Fetch him out!"

"String him up to the first tree!"

"Cut out the heart of the bloody varlet!"

"Lynch him!"

"No mercy to the bloodthirsty outthroat!"

"Whurroo! the black-hearted blaggard that 'ud let two lads hang that niver hurted 'um, the thafe o' the worruld! Whelt the dirty hoide aff 'um!"

Such were the angry cries that made pandemonium around the walls of the jail.

"They have come for me!" cried Fred, ghastly with terror; and then, with a wild recklessness: "Well, let them come!"

The father went to the grated window and looked out. A wild yell greeted his appearance; the crowd surged backward and forward, clamoring for admittance; and a shower of stones were hurled at the window, some striking the walls of the building and others falling into the cell.

Then there was a sound of violently-opened doors, and the rush of a yelling, excited mob along the corridor. Fred leaped to a corner of the cell, with the look of an animal at bay; his father placed himself before him, with clasped hands and eyes of supplication and terror.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### STORMING A JAIL.

OUT on the smooth surface of Dead Man's Hole the boats moved slowly to and fro. On the bluff the throng had gradually increased, until it consisted of scores of social carrion-crows, that flocked to the scene of blood like their namesakes of the air—ruffians of every type and degree of crime, with a sprinkling of honest, yet rude and illiterate men.

And now the rowers in one of the boats are seen to pause. The man at the drag begins to pull the rope, slowly and with a look of horrible expectancy. Slowly it rises from the watery depths, at first seen obscurely, a shapeless mass, and then assuming outlines that cause the stoutest heart to quail. Up, up, until the surface is broken, the water falling away on every side as if in horror, and the awful thing is brought to the light and air of heaven.

Shuddering and with averted faces they draw it into the boat, dripping with water and trailing with weeds, as if they clung to it, loath to give up their prey. Then the oarsmen, with one hand on the oar and one before their eyes to shut the ghastly thing from view, pull for the shore. And the other boats, giving over their search, follow one by one.

The crowd on the bluff is thrilled by a wild excitement. Hoarse cries echo through the woods to call in the wanderers, and all hurry to the landing.

The boat grazes the pier. The hideous thing is lifted and laid upon the green sward. The

human birds of filth flock around and glut their greedy gaze upon it, jostling each other to gain a nearer view. Not a detail is lost—the rigid limbs with their clinging garments; the hair, dank with the slime of the river and matted with weeds and sand; the face—a! what had once been a face, now all torn and mutilated by fiendish violence, a livid horror! At sight of that crowd began to surge and sway. Dark frowns contracted beetling brows; fierce gleams kindled in bloodshot eyes; and ominous murmurings of vengeance passed from lip to lip.

Among the crowd was a blue-shirted roustabout who had that morning been discharged from one of the river boats. He stood over six feet high, with a villainous face, rendered still more hideous by a scar that seamed his cheek from temple to chin. A tangled mass of black hair, falling from beneath a dilapidated straw hat, and shaggy black brows, made up the picture of a proper leader for this villainous crowd in any deed of violence.

"I tell yer what it is, feller-citizens," he cried, drawing himself up to his greatest height and glaring around on the mob, "it was a black-hearted cuss that passed in that feller's checks fur him!"

His pointing finger drew every eye to the mangled form on the grass. Waiting for his words and gesture to have their due effect, he suddenly cried, in a voice of thunder, while his burning glance passed from face to face:

"Is he among us?"

So startling was the effect that every man drew back and glanced at his neighbor.

"No, it was a rich man's son," volunteered a voice.

"Hah! the rich, that build stone jails for poor men to live in!" hissed the giant.

"He would 'a' let two honest b'yes hang in his place, the blaggard!" yelled the Irishman.

"Where are they! Show 'em up!" cried voices from the crowd.

"Here they be, as smilin' as twin roses, the beggars!"

"Up wid 'um! Let's see their mugs!" was the cry.

There was a scuffling movement in the crowd, and the two "honest b'yes" appeared above the heads of the rest, supported on the shoulders of their enthusiastic partisans, their villainous countenances broadened by grim smiles of triumph. They were saluted by wild yells and cheers and tossing of hats.

"Whurroo! whurroo! the divils! the patent leather gents couldn't hang 'um, bad 'oess to the murdertherin' thaves!"

"Feller-citizens," yelled the roustabout, finding that the interest was wandering from himself, "does honest men stand idle, and see a feller-man butchered in cold blood, and do nothin'?"

"Never!" whooped a chorus of voices.

"Do they leave the red-handed murderer to the judges and lawyers, to be bought off and shuffled out o' the country, while his dead victim is chucked into a hole to rot and be forgotten?"

"No, never! never!"

"What does honest men do—men that wants ter sleep safe in their beds o' nights?"

"Hang 'em!"

"Draw and quarter the black-hearted villain!"

"String him up to the nearest tree!"

"Men!" yelled the giant, silencing the wild tumult his voice had evoked—"men! here's the dead and clawed-up victim—the murderer is hidin' in yonder jail!"

With one finger he pointed to the motionless body, and stretched out his other arm in the direction of the city. A death-like silence fell upon the crowd, the calm before the bursting of a storm-cloud; and in that moment of stillness he vociferated one word in clarion tones:

"AWAY!"

There was a wild surging in the crowd, a pandemonium of discordant cries, and then the slanting sunlight cast the shadow of the bars that grated the window in hideous network on the opposite wall. Then strange sounds began to float in on the evening air. At first distant and heard but faintly; then nearer and louder, until the very walls shuddered with the horrid din.

The young man roused himself and started up in terror; the elder sat pale and trembling with an awful dread.

"Fetch him out!"

"String him up to the first tree!"

"Cut out the heart of the bloody varlet!"

"Lynch him!"

"No mercy to the bloodthirsty outthroat!"

"Whurroo! the black-hearted blaggard that 'ud let two lads hang that niver hurted 'um, the thafe o' the worruld! Whelt the dirty hoide aff 'um!"

Such were the angry cries that made pandemonium around the walls of the jail.

"They have come for me!" cried Fred, ghastly with terror; and then, with a wild recklessness: "Well, let them come!"

The father went to the grated window and looked out. A wild yell greeted his appearance; the crowd surged backward and forward, clamoring for admittance; and a shower of stones were hurled at the window, some striking the walls of the building and others falling into the cell.

Then there was a sound of violently-opened doors, and the rush of a yelling, excited mob along the corridor. Fred leaped to a corner of the cell, with the look of an animal at bay; his father placed himself before him, with clasped hands and eyes of supplication and terror.

Then there was a sound of violently-opened doors, and the rush of a yelling, excited mob along the corridor. Fred leaped to a corner of the cell, with the look of an animal at bay; his father placed himself before him, with clasped hands and eyes of supplication and terror.

"Fetch him out!"

"String him up to the first tree!"

"Cut out the heart of the bloody varlet!"

"Lynch him!"

"No mercy to the bloodthirsty outthroat!"

"Whurroo! the black-hearted blaggard that 'ud let two lads hang that niver hurted 'um, the thafe o' the worruld! Whelt the dirty hoide aff 'um!"

Such were the angry cries that made pandemonium around the walls of the jail.

"They have come for me!" cried Fred, ghastly with terror; and then, with a wild recklessness: "Well, let them come!"

The father went to the grated window and looked out. A wild yell greeted his appearance; the crowd surged backward and forward, clamoring for admittance; and a shower of stones were hurled at the window, some striking the walls of the building and others falling into the cell.

Then there was a sound of violently-opened doors, and the rush of a yelling, excited mob along the corridor. Fred leaped to a corner of the cell, with the look of an animal at bay; his father placed himself before him, with clasped hands and eyes of supplication and terror.

children that ain't to be sacrificed trying to protect a man whose guilt is pretty clear. I don't say but what we ought to stick by him to a reasonable extent; but I don't believe we are in duty bound to risk our own neck for him. I move that we surrender."

"But these ragamuffins mustn't be let to run over us roughshod, as if there was no law in the land," expostulated the chief of police, whose blood was up. "Curse 'em! I'll let daylight through some o' 'em if they try to pass that grating!"

The distinction between Dan Prescott and the "ragamuffins" whom he held in such contempt was, that he had made money selling whisky on River street, and being something of a demagogue had warmed his way to the high and mighty office of chief of police. His qualifications for the office lay in the adage: "Set a thief to catch a thief." That his quondam fellow "ragamuffins" should forge the sanctity of his august position, and trample under foot the law which he represented, galled him mightily. Hence his cholera.

"Mr. Prescott," said the detective, "I think I must enter my protest with Mr. Turnkey. These women and children must not be made to incur the rage of the mob, heightened by a useless resistance. They're bound to come, and we can't help ourselves."

"Well, gentlemen, you outvote me. Do as you please. But remember that I proposed to stick by the law. I wash my hands of the whole business."

By this time the rioters were rattling at the grate. Waving a handkerchief in token of a desired parley, the turnkey advanced to the inside of the grating.

"Gents," he said, "we folks in here air armed, and might make it pretty tough work fur you to git in; but we don't want to shed no blood in this here affair, fightin' over a man what's guilty o' murder."

"That's the





## The Letter-Box.

RED ROSE says that he and his sweetheart are constantly quarreling and doubting each other, and wishes to know how misunderstandings can be avoided and doubts dispelled.

IT ONE will not quarrel the other cannot. If you sweetheart is irritable and finds fault, if you remain calm, quiet, and pleasant, matters will soon right themselves; and vice versa. We can tell you of no cure for doubts, except love. You may love each other, and, through intimacy, little mistakes, or differences of opinion, have occasional quarrels, but you cannot truly love and entertain doubts. If you have doubts of your sweetheart's character, constancy or affection, your affection for her is either not real love or she is not an object worthy of love. It would be well for both of you to learn the lines.

"I love be love; if love be ours,  
Then trust me not at all, or all in all."

HARVEY THORP (New York) writes:

"How can a man with a very red face obtain a pale complexion; not a very pale, but only slightly red?"

Use plenty of cooling and acid fruits. Bathe the face frequently in cold water. Avoid the use of all heating and highly stimulating food. One ounce each of rose-water and glycerine, to which twenty drops of carbolic acid is added, makes a useful wash. You may find this a speedy cure; at night rub the skin well with almond oil and as much powdered chalk after as will stick. Wash off with tepid water at rising. These applications ought to produce a pleasant result.

ROSIE FAIRCHILD. You cannot improve upon the natural state of your ears; but by a certain style of hair-dressing you ought to be able to shield their imperfection. A prevailing and beautiful style of wearing the hair is waved and combed low toward the back of the neck. You can, with pretty effect, let the slightly-rimmed ears protrude over your ears. Tie, and braid, and coil low as possible at the back of the head. Short, curly hair would also, if festooned like them. Each night wear a snug bandage over them, passing under the chin and fastened upon the top of the head.

MISS B. (Glencoe) asks:

"What do you think of ladies smoking? Has a young lady a right to do so? Would a match-safe be a nice philopona gift to a gentleman who smokes?"

We think tobacco, in every form, more or less injurious to the human system, and to be most so to women, since they are ordinarily more delicately constituted than men. As to "rights" to smoke, every person is a free moral agent, women equally with men, and she has no doubt a right, if she chooses, but she must do so at the risk of social condemnation, since it is not considered a habit proper for ladies.

A match-safe would be an eminently suitable gift. If the gentleman owns a cigar-case, it would be well to select a match-case as nearly as possible to correspond.

"TWO ORPHANS"

Do not attempt dyeing your hair; it will prove ruinous to its beauty. Powdering it is much less hurtful, if you will take the precaution to brush it thoroughly and wash often. Powdered starch, flour, chalk or magnesia is used for white powder; ground alum for crystal powder, and alum, discolored and colored yellow with a few cents' worth of yellow ochre and allowed to crystallize again, powdered, make a beautiful golden-headed powder. For your powder in a box, paste paper of the top, and then puncture finely with a needle, or put in coarse linen and shake well over the hair.

"MASTER BELL" (Queensbury) writes:

"Do you think there is any impropriety in a boy and girl of fourteen corresponding, if they have been schoolmates and move away from each other? Is it impolite to leave the arms upon the table at a meal? Why is it more fashionable to eat with the fork than with the knife?"

There would be no impropriety in such a correspondence, if you parents do not object. It is impolite, at a private table, to lean the arms upon it. It is not a question of fashion to eat with the fork, but a question of propriety and common sense. To put a knife into the mouth would be to endanger yourself continually with its sharp edge. Knives are to cut and spread, forks to carry the food to the mouth.

## Yellowstone Jack:

THE TRAPPERS OF THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE CRAWL OF THE SERPENTS.

PETHONISTA quickly grasped Ada by the arm, as she sprung forward to join Minnie, when Mat Mole half-dragged, half-carried her away through the darkness. Her struggles for freedom were in vain—firmly, though gently, the Eagle held her captive. Then, with a warning cry, the maiden sunk a lifeless weight upon the chief's arm.

The Blackfoot found himself in a dilemma—no anything but pleasant. He gently lowered Ada to the ground, and then, while staring at her with puzzled eyes, the Eagle diligently scratched his head.

A Blackfoot squaw is not civilized enough to know how to faint. Even if she did understand the fashionable art, it's odds that the first trial would satisfy her—her lord and master would undoubtedly apply the lodge-pole remedy—rude, but very effective. Pethonista would have tried something of the kind with a squaw of his own people, but he was almost afraid to touch this package of delicate white clay, and it was with positive joy that he heard Ada utter a faint moan, at the same time lifting her head.

"Squaw needn't be 'fraid," Pethonista hastened to assure the maiden. "Creeping Panther he gone 'way—Eagle take the squaw to friend's, plenty quick."

"Take me to her—to Minnie—do not separate us—and I will thank you," brokenly pleaded Ada.

"No. Eagle he big fool do dat. You hear he say dat Night-Walker wid him? Night-Walker big brave—tek plenty scalps—fight like debble. But he bad eye for white squaw. He see you—dat make his eye full of fire. He say—you go my lodge—you be squaw chief. You say no—to Night-Walker not look good; got only one eye, no nose. Then he cuss—say must. Den Eagle say no—'cause you my brudder now, since you tell white brave fight rock 'way—Night-Walker he say yes. Den we fight, mebbe. He got killed, den—sure. Dat make Eagle outlaw—no more be Blackfoot chief. Night-Walker's braves dey tek bot squaw an' chief—tek 'em to tree—den we burn. Dat why Eagle he say no—won't tek you after Creeping Panther."

"Then let me go by myself. If you are really grateful to me saving your life, I pray you give me freedom—let me go back to my friends!"

"Where friend's?" quickly demanded Pethonista.

"I don't know—but I will find them. Only let me go—you frighten me!" murmured Ada, shrinking back.

"Listen. Eagle friend—no en'my—no want to skeer squaw. He chief—no got crooked tongue. What he say, dat straight. Tell me where you los' friend's. Pethonista take you dere. He swear if by Great Spirit—what you call God, earnestly replied the Blackfoot.

There was something in the young chief's tone that told Ada he was not seeking to deceive her, and after a moment's hesitation she described, as nearly as she was able, the pass through which the trail led. The chief's face brightened, for he easily recognized the description.

"All right now—we know dat place—dey stop at spring, where water plenty fo' hosses. We find 'um friend's dere. Den you know dat Eagle no lie—dat 'him heart open to pale squaw."

"Can you—will you take me to them?" eagerly cried Ada. "And right away—I am strong now—I can walk very far and fast. And they can save Minnie—on horseback they can overtake that dark man!"

"Yeh—mo tek you. Don't know 'bout ketchin' Creeping Panther—he good scout—kin hide like snake. Den mebbe you friend's have plenty work—han's full. You hear him say—strike pale-faces to-night! Dat mean Blackfoot want scalp. Tek 'em, too—dey fight like debble, when see blood in dere eyes. Tek yours, too—don't know squaw from brave, when mad. Eagle like you heap—he you friend." He tink you bes hide in rocks till madder day. Den, if Blackfoot don't tek all scalp, you kin go to friend's. If do—den Eagle he tink some odder way save you."

"No—take me to them, as you promised. If they are fated to be murdered, why should I live? I have no other friends—I must share their fate."

"Eagle no lie—he do what you tell. But he sorry—heart sorry. Squaw no good when head," slowly said the chief, betraying a degree of emotion seldom exhibited by a brave.

"Eagle know where Night-Walker stop—know trail he take to git to pale-faces. Den bes tek madder trail. If tek Injun, den Eagle have to say you his captive, or dey kill you, plenty quick, 'cause dey not my braves. Don't like Eagle much—Night-Walker's braves," tersely added Pethonista, as he took Ada's hand and left the spot in a direction nearly opposite to that taken by Mat Mole and Minnie.

The trail they were forced to follow was long and tortuous, rough and almost impassable for a woman, more especially when so nearly exhausted as Ada. Despite her feverish anxiety to reach the train that men might be at once sent in pursuit of Minnie's abductor, she was forced to pause to rest, and to take breath. Nothing but an unusually strong will kept her from breaking down entirely, though the Eagle lent her all the assistance in his power, short of carrying her in his arms.

Since sunset, the sky had suddenly become overcast with clouds, broken and fast-scudding, yet dense enough to almost entirely shut out the light of moon and stars. Thus groping through darkness, despite his thorough knowledge of the ground, Pethonista was forced to advance cautiously, lest a misstep should precipitate him into one of the many yawning "man-traps" that lay upon either hand. So it was that they did not reach level—comparatively—ground again until nearly midnight.

A few minutes afterward, Pethonista suddenly paused, with a contemptuous grunt, as he uttered:

"See—dere you friend's—by spring. Big fools, dough! Tink Blackfoot need fire to see now lift scalp!"

Ada gave a gasp of joy. Before them—though still nearly a mile distant—she could just distinguish the faint gleam of a camp fire. Beyond a doubt it was, as the chief said, the camp of her friends. No Indian would have set up such a beacon in an enemy's country.

"Thank God! At last! Oh, hasten—hasten! I must tell them about poor Minnie."

"Too fast too slow; both bad. Don't know—mebbe Injun out dere, hunting fo' scalps. Plenty room—dark hide 'em. We run, dey hear steps go slow—creep like snake, den no hear, no see—squaw git through all right. Dat my talk," interrupted Pethonista.

"But you—I am afraid to go alone now, since you think there are Indians there," faltered Ada.

"No go lone—Eagle go, too. Not inside camp—dat bad, 'cause pale-face Eagle's en'my too. But squaw mustn't be scare. Must be quick, cunning, all same like snake. Mebbe no Injun—mebbe not git here yet. Must act like dey was, dough; sure not git fooled, den."

Though trembling with fear and exhaustion, Ada saw the sense of Pethonista's reasoning, and endeavored to conquer her weakness. Crouching down like a panther lying in wait for its prey, Pethonista listened intently. No suspicious sound broke the air. Everything seemed peaceful and quiet. Yet this "only served to confirm the chief's suspicions that his brethren were even then creeping upon the doomed train. What had silenced the querulous yelping of the coyotes that nightly surround a camp, rendering night hideous with their howling, snapping cries? A score of coyotes will surround a wounded buffalo, in diabolical concert. But let a huge gray or black wolf appear, and they draw off, sitting dumbly upon their haunches, patiently waiting for the remnants of the feast. More than once Pethonista had known them to show the same deference to the two-legged wolves, and he believed 'twas the case now.

With an uneasy glance at Ada's light-colored dress, he winked noisily on toward the faint, twinkling point of light. The maiden imitated his example as closely as possible.

They had crossed nearly two-thirds of the distance without seeing or hearing anything beyond the common, when suddenly the full moon sailed from beneath a dense cloud, pouring a flood of silver light over the scene.

A cry of surprise rose to Ada's lips, but quick as thought the Eagle's broad palm rested upon them and forcibly held her close to the ground.

The level before and upon both sides of them was dotted with scores of dark, oblong figures. Not one moved, not one gave the slightest indication of being other than inanimate objects, but Pethonista well knew that they were Blackfoot warriors, thirsting for blood; that they had been stealing up to the camp, when the flood of moonlight caused them to lie motionless and still as stones.

The wagons were drawn up into a corral-like shape, seemingly close against the wall of rock. The only evidence of life was in that tiny fire, built close outside the row of vehicles.

Then the tableau changed, like magic. A single jet of flame issued from the corral—a loud, clear voice uttered a defiant shout that mingled strangely with the shrill, unearthly scream as one of the dark figures leaped convulsively into the air, then falling, tore and bit the hard ground in its death agony.

As though this was the signal for which they were awaiting, the crawling serpents changed to bounding cougars as they sprung forward to the attack, yelling, screeching, shouting—the mingled war-cries of both red and white savages. Again that clear shout from the corral—and the dark line seemed fairly grided with fire, as twenty rifles vomited forth their contents, hurling death and confusion into the oncoming mass of demons.

The savages hesitated—faltered—their yells of expectant triumph changed to cries of surprise. A cheer went up from the corral. The emigrants believed the victory won. That sound turned the scale. The savages pressed

madly forward. Blood was in their eyes. They thought no longer of themselves—paid no heed to the storm of revolver bullets that saluted them—dashed on with deep, snarling cries, determined to crush the hated invaders who had stricken them such a deadly blow.

Pethonista leaped erect at the first shot, his chest dilating, his eyes glowing, every muscle working, his magnificent form all in a tingle as the hatchet flashed from his girdle. The wild, thrilling war-cry that had caused many a bold foe's heart to beat quicker broke from his lips, and he seemed about to join in the charge.

But a little hand clutched his ankle—a trembling voice besought his protection. And as he looked down and saw the pale, terrified countenance, the fire gradually died out of his face. He remembered his pledge. Fierces warrior though he was, he could not forget that.

He glanced toward the corral. The Indians and their white-skinned allies had just reached it. And then the moon sailed beneath another cloud; all below was cast into a dense gloom. Yet the foe, though standing so close to each other, held their blows for a moment. They gazed upward in mute amazement.

A shrill, eldritch peal of laughter came to their ears. Standing upon the very pinnacle of the hill, was a weird figure—a smaller form crouching at her feet, with arms outstretched toward the wagon-train. Again that maniacal peal, and a few shrill words came down from the dizzy height, toward the moon hid itself.

And the struggle was renewed. Pethonista caught Ada up in his arms and ran swiftly across the point of rocks. Passing round this, he deposited her upon the ground, beneath an overhanging rock, bidding her keep perfectly still until he returned. Then he sounded his war-cry and hastened to the fray, as a lover hastens to his bride.

Ada covered eyes and ears, seeking to drown the devilish sounds, but in vain. Then, worn out, terror-stricken, she must have swooned. Whether minutes or hours had elapsed, she never knew, when rude hands seized her.

A hideous face—burning eyes and glowing look; this much she saw—and then felt herself clasped to a broad breast and borne swiftly on through the night.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE LOST TRAIL.

A PARTY of horsemen, whites, about a dozen in number, riding along at a slow pace, over a rocky, difficult trail; nearly twice as many Indians, in all the savage glory of war-paint and feathers, crouching behind a pile of boulders beside the winding trail; some distances off, a ravine where they were scarcely hidden from the white men's sight, were a number of musangs.

The whites abruptly drew rein. Beyond a doubt they suspected some trap, or had observed something suspicious. The Indians, unable to restrain their hatred, opened fire, though at such a distance as to render their arrows nearly useless, though one white man fell, bullet-pierced.

The Indians charged boldly—their evident hope was to alarm the pale-faces into seeking safety in flight, when the nimble-footed braves could easily pick them off in detail, bothered as they would be with their horses. But, though well enough intended, the plan failed, since the pale-faces, instead of giving way in confusion, leaped from their animals and sought cover behind the nearest boulders, then marked down the savages as rapidly as a bead could be drawn upon any of the rapidly-darting, dusky bodies.

Such was the sight witnessed by Yellowstone Jack and his comrades upon the afternoon of that eventful June day. They did not hesitate long. One of the parties, besides being much the more numerous, was their hereditary enemy, the Blackfoot Indians.

"I reckon we'd better make it a free fight, boys," quietly uttered Yellowstone, gliding rapidly forward, "charging" border fashion, by keeping securely covered while rapidly nearing the foe.

His comrades were nowise loth, and kept close at Yellowstone's heels. Not five minutes were used in getting within range, and then the four trappers each selected his prey. Then, singling their peculiar war-cries with the still reverberating echoes, the hunters charged.

This attack in the rear threw the Indians into momentary confusion, and almost before they could realize the truth the trappers were in their midst, rapidly emptying their revolvers, leaving a trail of blood behind them. Nor were the whites much less astonished. They stared at the daring men, forgetting to use their weapons.

"See it to 'em, lads!" yelled Yellowstone, laughing shrilly and tossing his long hair back as an arrow tore through the tangled locks, razing the skin of his cheek. "That's Fatty Smith to pay fer, yit!"

"Me, too—Jack, the varmints has throwed me!" gasped Gila Hank, the leveled pistol falling from his hand, as he reeled back, a feathered shaft quivering deep in his chest.

Yellowstone Jack caught the dying man upon his left arm, and with a snarling cry, sent a revolver bullet through the throat of the Indian who had sped the fatal arrow.

"Don't let 'em git my scalp," faintly breathed the dying trapper, his eyes closing, the blood gushing from his lips.

"They must take mine fust! Brindle—Hooser—hyar they come! Stan' fast—sock it to 'em!"

The Blackfeet, seeing the fall of one of the dare-devils, seemed to forget their first foes, and with exultant yells, rushed upon the three men, seemingly bent upon crushing them to the ground with the mere weight of numbers. The defiant yell of the trappers replied the assault bravely.

Mingled with the revolver reports, came a sharper, louder detonation, and a tall brave who was leveling a blow at Yellowstone Jack, fell back, dead. A loud, fierce shout drowned all other sounds, and a tall, lithe figure leaped into the very midst of the Indians. One hand plied a long, heavy knife, the other clasped a revolver, whose every report sounded the death-knell of an enemy.

A dread fear seemed to paralyze the Indians for a moment. Then they broke and fled, with cries of dismay, mingled with a name that had often caused terror to Blackfeet hearts of late years.

"Pucane-puck-on-cho-uk!" But they were not to escape so easy. The emigrants had, by this time, recovered from their double surprise, and as the savages broke, they were met upon every side. For a few minutes it was a massacre. Then half a dozen of the Blackfeet succeeded in cutting their way free, and gaining their animals, fled with the speed of despair.

Vernon Campbell quietly reloaded his weapons, and then picking out the braves who had fallen beneath his hand, he stripped them of the prized trophy.

\* Literally, "The Man who Drinks Blood."

Yellowstone Jack, after trying in vain to discover some traces of life in the body of his fallen comrade, strode up to the young scout with extended hand.

"Putt it thar, boss! You're a hull train, wi' a yaller dog under the wagon to boot! From the very way you putt in the double licks, I don't wonder 'at the varmints mistook you fer the Blood-drinker."

"They call me that, sometimes," was the quiet reply.

"You ain't—thunder! a young feller like you—"

"I am old enough to have won that name from my enemies—and I am proud of it, too, since it shows that I have drank deep of the vengeance I swore to take for my murdered kindred."

The three trappers looked at the young man with feelings somewhat akin to awe. John Warren approached and started to thank the men who had come so opportunely to his assistance. Campbell abruptly checked him.

"Spare your thanks, sir—I did not attack those curs through any friendship for you. Indeed, if, as I believe, you belong to the wagon-train that passed over this trail to-day, I have been aiding your worst enemies ever since you left the settlements."

"My enemies—and yet—" stammered Warren.

"I don't mean Indians—it is because the party I was with has made allies of the Blackfeet, that I tell you this much. I hate them—my whole life is devoted to slaying them when we meet. But let that pass. You are in danger. The Blackfeet will be upon you to-night. Your only chance is to corral your wagons and fight them to the last, unless you wish to abandon all but your horses, and trust in their speed to carry you beyond pursuit."

"From the settlements—then who are these enemies? You have told me too much, young man, not to say more," added Warren, suspiciously.

"Bah! how can you make me tell more than I wish to admit of my own free will? Do you think I fear death? Don't try to ride over me, rough-shod, stranger, or you'll get hurt," sneered Campbell.

"We're losin' time, boss," put in Chris Camp, uneasily. "The women may be in danger."

"You are looking for two ladies—and a young man?" abruptly demanded Campbell of the emigrant.

"Yes—my daughter and niece. They were run away with."

"They are safe enough, old man, though they had a narrow escape. Wait—you can ask questions afterward. I tell you they are safe enough. If you answer my questions freely, then I'll tell you something that may be of use to you. First, do you know anything of a man named Mat Mole; middle-sized, black hair, eyes and beard, hook-nose, rather good-looking, about forty years old?"

"No—I don't recognize the description."

"You have a brother in California, who wrote for you to come out there, to join him in business?"

"Yes, but how you could know this, I—"

"I do know it—that's enough. Listen now, and mark what I tell you. This Mole is your deadly enemy. He has followed you from Omaha, with a band of land-pirates. I acted as their guide, because I knew we would see something of the Blackfeet. We have driven you from the right trail, by false signs, which were read to you, as we intended, by a man Mole has in your camp. To-day Mole was joined by a band of Blackfeet; that's why I have deserted him. To-night they mean to attack you. You will find all your spare ammunition destroyed. That is to be the work of Mole's man, your false guide, who calls himself—"

"Easy thar, old man—you're wuss'n a rattler, fer he shakes his tail afore he strikes!" yelled Yellowstone Jack, and a man was hurled headlong at the young scout's feet, a long knife flying before the quivering form.

"Brindle—Hooser—close up! He saved our bacon—these chaps mean to bounce 'im, they must take 'im fust! Sock it to 'em!" added Jack, springing before Campbell, with drawn weapons, promptly backed up by his comrades.

The emigrants started back and drew their weapons. For a moment there seemed a fair prospect for another duel to the death, only between those of the same color.

"What do you mean?" demanded Warren, of Jack.

"What'd he mean, by tryin' to stick the young feller here? From behind, too—the pizen snake!"

"It's true," observed Russel. "I saw it all."

"Wait," uttered Campbell. "This man must be the guide I spoke of. None other could have any motive for stopping my tongue. If so, his name is Chris Camp."

"That is his name; but he came to us well recommended."

"Exactly so—from Mole, who signed himself Captain Luke Harding, U. S. A.," sneered the young scout. "But there—I have warned you; heed it or not, as you please. You will find your friends either on their way to your wagons, or at the head of the upper pass. I left them there two hours since. Your horses and wagon, though, are at the bottom of Chestish canon."

"You will lead us there! I will pay you—"

"I work for revenge, not pay. These hunters can guide you. Good-by, now," and Campbell strode rapidly away.

"For little I'd stop him," muttered Warren, doubtfully.

"You must walk over me an' my pard's, then, boss," quietly returned Jack. "He saved our har, an' shell hev far play, ef it costs a lawsuit. I reckon you'd better look to that snake yender. I hit him chug, but his head's harder 'n a nigger's."

Chris Camp had partially recovered from the heavy blow dealt by Yellowstone Jack's iron fist, and hurriedly secured the knife that had fallen from his grasp. It was this movement that drew forth the trapper's exclamation.

Warren seemed in doubt what to do. The words of the stranger, added to the scout's attempt upon his life, had made some impression upon his mind, yet the guide had played his part so well as to gain the good opinion of nearly all the emigrants. It did not seem possible that he could be such a double-distilled traitor to the men whose bread he ate.

"Who was 'it me?" growled Camp, glaring around upon the little party, an evil light in his bloodshot eyes.

"You needn't look no furdur 'n me," promptly replied Yellowstone. "I hit ye—just as I would any other snake as I see'd crawlin' up ahind a man to strike 'im unbeckonin, like. Ef a feller wants to be so pizen mean, he ain't wuth bein' treated like a human critter."

"Better pray 'at the fancy don't cost ye too dear, young feller," grinned Chris Camp, with a sickly smile. "I don't gen'ally fergit a blow very soon. Mebbe I'm slower 'n some, but I alays pays my debts—I do, so."

"I lent ye the lick out o' pure love, old pizeness—I'd do a heap fer ye, I've taken sech a fancy fer your innercent-lookin' mug; I hev, so. But yit, I'm 'commadin' to frinds. 'F you think you owe me anythin', now's yur chance to settle. Rifle, peeps or butcher—a critter-back or afoot, white man's style or Injun fashion—jest say the word, an' Yellowstone Jack 'll do the best he knows to make it interestin' fer ye."

"Not now—I said I kin wait. You look like you was a man. I'd like to do ye as high justice as I kin. Wouldn't 'sult ye by fightin' ye at hafe-cock—so to speak. You lent me a mule-kick. My head's dizzy, now's 'em tremble, an' I don't reckon I could fetch out your hull style as I'd wish. Unless you're pressin', we 'll wait a bit—say ontel mornin'," drawled Chris Camp.

"Right you air! One thing fust—I fergot you'd promissed old Gopher—Groundhog—whatever's the varmints's name—to spile these fellers' powder," laughed the trapper.

"Some folks'd say a man was a durned fool to go an' drive the nails in his own coffin—but you don't 'pear to think so, Yellowstone Jack," and the guide smiled again—a peculiar, sickly smile that boded danger.

"Come," impatiently interrupted Warren, "you can settle this quarrel some other time—or now, if you wish, but we can't stop to see it. If there is any truth in what that man said, we have no time to lose here. He said you men would know the way to this upper pass. Is there any nearer way than by going along this pass, then up the other?"

"Not fer hosses. 'll show ye the way, ef so be you'll wait long enough fer us to plant pore Heely Hank hyar, whar the reds won't stumle over his top-knot."

"Make haste, then. 'll ride on to the train and see if they have got back. If they have, I'll send word to you where the canyon divides."

Warren rode rapidly away, and the emigrants bustled themselves in looking after their dead and wounded. Three had been killed—making four with Gila Hank, the trapper. They were all single men, since Minnie and Ada were the only women accompanying the train, and so it was deemed best to bury them where they had fallen, rather than to carry them to the wagons.

"It's rough lines on us, boys," said Yellowstone Jack, sadly, as they composed the limbs of the dead trapper in a deep cleft in the rocks. "Two boys rubbed out in one day—hate of our party in a week. 'Pears like this was goin' to be a costly trip fer us."

"Hank went under like a true mountain man, jest as he'd wished for this many a year. He made his coup fust. I don't reckon the varmints 'll hev much to brag on, when all's counted. But that was Chavez—he didn't die right. I'm dub'ous his sperrit 'll ha'nt us," muttered Brindle Joe.

"Not ef I kin help it. To-morrow 'll take the trail—'ll try that witch-spook—whatever the critter is—an' see if I can't rest pore Mexy. Ef I kin borrow a silver dollar, to run up, I'll be all right," said Yellowstone, thoughtfully.

"Goin' to jine in wi' these fellers? Ef what that feller—the Blood-Drinker—said is true, I reckon that's goin' to be the tallest kind o' fun round hyar fore long."

"Ef they needs it, Hooser, mebbe we'll lend 'em a hand—but not inside thar durned corral. I fights free, I does."

"What's that pizen snake—the critter you hit, Jack?" demanded Brindle Joe. "I don't see him—"

"Yender he goes—give me—too late! He's under kiver. So much fer bein' a durned fool! Ef I'd hed my way, he'd 'croaked' fust. This Wal, they'll hev one more to fight, that's all," disgustedly cried Yellowstone, as he saw the form of the traitor guide vanish among the rocks.

Chris Camp had indeed slipped away while the men were busy with their dead. Pursuit was idle, considering the route he had chosen, and the party at once entered the pass. At the division they met Warren, who spurred up, pale and breathless. Nothing had been seen or heard of the women, and dreading the worst, the party rode on through the upper pass.

They saw blood-marks, traces of what might have been a death-struggle, but nothing more. Warren groaned with agony, and nearly fell from his animal.

"Don't take on so, boss," said Yellowstone, soothingly. "Mebbe they're all right yit, an' hyar's me an' my mates is ready to take the trail—or rather to hunt fer the one we've lost—an' ef they're above airth, we'll find 'em. Meantime you'd better go look to the wagons, fer you'll smell burnt powder afore mornin', sure. Corral them by the spring, under the rocks, an' keep good watch, ef you want to see daylight ag'in."

"I'll pay you—I have money—"

"Wait ontel we do the job—or stay; ef you hev a silver dollar—thanks! Now go—the sun's most down."

Warren finally yielded, and rode back to the wagons.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 278.)

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

## WYOMING SEMI-MONTHLY LOTTERY

Legalized by the Legislature. Draws on the 15th and 30th of each month. Tickets \$1 each, 6 for \$5. Chance in 3. \$200,000 in cash prizes. Capital \$50,000. Agents wanted. Particulars, address J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming. 278-131-h

THE WEEKLY SUN. 8 pages, 56 broad columns, from now to New Year's, post-paid, 60 cts. Address THE SUN, N.Y. 278-141

WANTED Agents for the best selling Prize packages in the world. It contains 15 sheets paper, 15 envelopes, Pen, Pencil, Patent, Yard Measure, Package of Perfumery, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with elegant prize, post-paid, 25 cts. For particulars, send stamp. F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass. 272-131-h

## This Is No Humbug.

By sending 35 cents and stamp with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Box No. 88



## THE BLARNEY STONE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

There's a stone in good old Ireland  
Built in a silent wall,  
And he who kisses it will find  
He loses his silence all,  
Getting glib of tongue and oily of tone,  
So wonderful is this Blarney stone.

The lover praises the maiden's hand  
And the beauty of her face,  
He talks big things of prospects grand,  
And of growing rich space,  
And in every word is plainly shown  
That he has kissed the Blarney stone.

The thunderous man of lightning talks  
A rod about his rods,  
He tries to show you all the points  
Which you accept with nods,  
Till he puts one up, you paying down,  
It's plain he's pressed the Blarney stone.

A friend with soft, soft-saspery  
Will praise your genial ways,  
And you you are the noblest man  
He's met for many days,  
And when you're alone he'll ask a loan;  
This man has licked the Blarney stone.

Your wife will call you gentle names,  
A thing extremely rare,  
And with soft words will pave the way  
To ask you then and there  
Now won't you buy that summer gown?  
She has been near the Blarney stone.

The candidate will stump the State  
Until the State is stumped,  
And promise blessings, with himself  
Thrown in with them and lumped,  
If your votes in favor of him are thrown;  
He's rubbed against the Blarney stone.

And yet, it isn't too much to say,  
If we come to look at it right,  
That there are very few of us  
Who are not in this same plight—  
Who, not content with kissing alone,  
Have swallowed a piece of the Blarney stone.

## LEAVES

## From an Actor's Life ;

OR,

Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

IV.—George Jones, the Count Johannes—The Blood of the Warrens—Some Account of Him and His Family—The Panic of 1837—The Fortunes of the Tremont Theater at a Low Ebb—Shales, the Amateur Star—His Appearance as Richard the Third—A Lucid but Disgraceful Exhibition.

I HAVE mentioned that there was an actor by the name of George Jones in the company at this time. He has since become famous. He was a young and handsome man then, and an excellent actor. He was a descendant of that General Warren who was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill, and he was very proud of the connection. In his conversation he often alluded to himself as belonging to the "Blood of the Warrens."

On one occasion, I remember, when the public did not respond to his appeal for a benefit and appear in numbers sufficient to answer his expectations, he contrived to have several newspaper articles published reproaching the citizens of Boston for their want of appreciation of the "Blood of the Warrens."

He was one of those men who are filled with an insatiable thirst for notoriety; and he gained it. He was the husband of Melinda Jones—a celebrated star actress—and the father of two handsome daughters. One of them, Avonia—named in honor of Shakespeare's birth-place river—afterward became the wife of Gustavus Brooke, the famous tragedian.

George Jones is still alive, and he is now known as George, the Count Johannes. This title was conferred on him in Germany as a mark of esteem, I believe, by a prince of the empire, for some valuable services rendered there.

I have often met him in my walks in the streets of New York and Brooklyn with the decoration of his title of nobility in his button-hole, but he has no recollection of the "boy to manhood grown."

The Tremont Theater suffered severely by the panic of 1837. In all financial depressions the theaters always find a lack of patronage. People are obliged to dispense with some of their luxuries in hard times.

All kinds of devices are resorted to in a dull season to fill the house, and one of these, I think, was very injurious to the reputation of the theater, as it introduced a rowdy element among the audience.

This was the appearance of a Mr. Shales as "Richard the Third." This man was an amateur actor. He had appeared with distinguished success at a "Society"—that was the name given to amateur dramatic clubs at that time before an audience composed of admiring friends, and this fired his ambition to appear upon the boards of a real theater.

His friends encouraged him in this attempt, and the managers of the theater, thinking he would draw a good audience to view his efforts, consented to his appearance, which was duly announced in the playbills and newspapers.

Mr. Shales had means, a wealthy mother, who freely furnished him with funds, and, consequently, he was enabled to advertise himself very extensively. What his occupation was I do not know. If he had any, he was determined to abandon it and adopt the dramatic profession.

The injudicious laudation of his friends (by no means honest) given had made him believe that he possessed the genius of a Garrick, or an Edmund Kean, and he expected to take the town by storm, and make an impression which would prove his stepping-stone to fame and fortune.

A great many amateurs have thought the same way, and come to grief very speedily over their mistake. Acting is not an inspiration but an art, and it can only be acquired by patient study and laborious toil. It requires at least a year to learn when and how to stand still on the stage, and to walk it naturally.

There have been born actors, who were particularly fitted for the vocation, and who have achieved triumphs easily; but their number is not great. You can count their names with your fingers.

It is an old adage that the best way to learn any trade or profession is to begin at the lowest round of the ladder and climb up. Mr. Shales reversed this order. He began at the top, and went down.

The anticipation of the manager was realized; the night of Shales' appearance the theater was crowded; but the male element predominated. The boxes presented a number of ladies, but they were few and far between. It had got noised about that there would be "sport" at the theater that night, and people prudently kept their wives and daughters away. Some lady friends of the amateur star were bold enough to venture there, however.

The temper of the audience displayed itself

before the orchestra commenced the overture. The pit was crowded with men and boys, and the gallery was in the same condition. They were very noisy, keeping up a loud murmuring, which was not unlike the muttering of the ocean before a storm, enlivened by an occasional cat-call.

If there was anything that a Boston audience particularly delighted in, it was to "guy" an actor, and there was always some unfortunate member of the company—a "utility man"—selected for the gratification of this sport. This "guying," as it was called, consisted of applauding him whenever he came on, at everything he said, and when he went off.

On this occasion, the actors were in league with the audience, and were determined to have their share of sport out of poor Shales by way of annoyance.

Thus, some of them assisted him in costuming himself, and "making up" for the character; and, thanks to their aid, when he descended to the green room, prepared to begin his performance, he presented a most singular and grotesque appearance.

They had humped his back in the most outrageous manner, and arranged the supposed withered limb, so as to make one of his legs look like a candle, and the other like a ten-pin. They had whitened his face to give it a "green and ghastly" look, and thickened his eyebrows, and daubed a huge mustache and imperial on his face, with burnt cork.

The very handsome dress he wore only added to the absurdity of his appearance. They put his sword on his right hip, which was the wrong hip to wear it on, and they cocked his hat on his head in such a manner that the drooping black feather hung over his left eye, and totally obscured the vision of that optic.

He surveyed himself complacently in the large mirror in the green room, and appeared to be gratified with the reflection there. He certainly did look crook-backed and tyrannical enough to have pleased even Old Queen Bess, for it is said to have been to please her that Shakespeare drew the character of King Richard, the Third, in so unamiable a light.

History gives us to understand, that he was altogether a different sort of a man. Handsome, in fact, and only a little round-shouldered.

Having surveyed himself sufficiently, Shales awaited the summons of the call-boy to appear

before the expectant and impatient audience. The murmur of their voices penetrated the green room. In those days two curtains were used: the green curtain and the act-drop. The green curtain was made of green cloth (as its name denoted) and was always raised at the beginning and lowered at the end of the play. The act-drop was a painted landscape on canvas, and was lowered at the end of an act, thus denoting that the play was not finished.

The green room was the ante-chamber of the stage, where the actors and actresses awaited their turns to go upon the stage. The origin of its name is not definitely known, but it is supposed to have originated from the color of the tapestry hangings in the early days of the theater.

In Shakespeare's time the theater was strewn with green rushes. Green seems to have been a symbolical color in the ancient drama, but it has no significance now.

The appearance of Shales, as he slouched upon the stage with a limping gait, which was supposed to be characteristic of the "Duke of Gloster," (his title before he gained the throne), was the signal for the most uproarious applause.

The audience kept him bowing for full five minutes before they allowed him to begin the famous soliloquy:

"Now is the winter of our discontent," etc. This being a short scene, he got through with it passably, and limped off, followed by a round of deafening applause.

As the play progressed, a wreath of vegetables, composed of carrots, beets, turnips and parsnips, was thrown to him. This ingenious burlesque on a bouquet made the audience scream with delight.

Then they began to pelt him with peanuts from the pit. He paid no attention to these small missiles, but when a hurled potato struck him in the small of the back, his indignation was excited, and he thought, evidently, that it was about time to stop it.

He marched down to the footlights, and thus addressed himself to the audience:

"Look here, if you want the play to go, you'd better quit flinging things!"

This had the desired effect. They were afraid he would stop, and so spoil the sport. Therefore they contented themselves with burlesque applause until the last scene, for Shales struggled manfully through to the end, though he grew so hoarse from his efforts that his voice sounded like a raven's croak; but when the combat with Richmond was over, and he raised himself up from the stage on his hands, after having fallen, and opened his lips for the dying speech, a paper bag, containing about three pounds of flour, was thrown from an upper proscenium box, and struck him fairly upon the head. Bursting, it floured him all over, and knocked him flat.

The curtain descended, without waiting for the dying speech, amid yells that would have done honor to the throats of a band of wild Indians, and that was the last appearance of Shales, the Tragedian.

## The Castaway's Oath.

BY C. D. CLARK.

DARKNESS upon a tropical sea, on the ocean path to the "Lone Continent," Australia, and a beautiful schooner rising and falling on the long swell. A schooner with clean run, long, tapering spars, and neat rig; one of those models of the mechanical skill of this smart Yankee nation, before iron had taken the place of oak upon the sea. The captain, a man long past the middle age, was pacing the quarter-deck, with an angry expression on his face. Like all seamen, he hated a calm, and would have almost welcomed a hurricane in its place. He was an old-fashioned man, and preserved the old time custom of wearing a sort of naval chapeau, and a blue blouse with gold buttons.

"Where is Willie Page?" he demanded, suddenly. "Here, you young rascal; jump."

A pretty boy, very slightly built, with a merry, happy face, leaped up at his call, and ran aft.

"Ay, ay, Captain Barnes."

"Have you dusted the cabin?"

"Yes, sir."

"Cleaned the plate?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put away the liquor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what did you mean by it, you scoundrel? You know perfectly well that when I want to settle my bilge, a glass of grog, half-and-half, is just the thing to do the trick. Jump down here and get it."

The cabin-boy plunged down the companion-way, and presently reappeared, stirring a glass of grog as he came. The captain seized it with a frown, and taking a single long sip, his countenance cleared up, and he began to smile.

"I feel better, my boy," he said. "This cursed calm is enough to knock any man off his pins, I tell you, and I have felt mean all the morning. Now that I have squared my yards, I feel better."

"Do you think we shall have a wind soon, captain?" asked the cabin-boy.

"You can't tell in these waters, my boy. The wind comes and goes at its pleasure; but if I am any judge of the latitude, we'll get a buster soon. But what do we care!—with a

staunch craft under our feet, and sea-room enough, we will laugh at the storm."

"It may not come, after all."

"I don't know—Heavens! What was that?"

A terrible blow shook the beautiful schooner from stem to stern, and her hull quivered in every fiber. The men came down from the tops with startled faces, those below came pouring up in terror, and the twenty men who formed the crew of the Sea Swan were assembled on her deck. Some great monster of the deep, a whale, perhaps, although what it was they never knew, had struck the schooner.

"To the pumps!" cried the captain. The men leaped to the work with a will, but to the horror of all, the schooner was settling so rapidly that the pumps had no effect. She was settling rapidly by the head, and would doubtless sink in five minutes. They looked in each other's faces in wild dismay, but Captain Barnes at once showed himself worthy to command.

"Lower away the boats. Jump down there, some of you, and hand up the provisions."

The boats of the schooner, which were fit for duty, were only two in number. Into one of these they rapidly flung such of their provisions as they could reach, and then the crew separated, seven going into the boat which had the provisions and water, and which had also the advantage of carrying a small triangular sail; and the others, including the officers, went into the larger boat. And thus, just at midnight, they slipped away from the side of the schooner, and saw her plunge head downward into the deep blue sea, never again to be seen by mortal eyes.

Willie Page was in the smaller boat, and held the tiller. With six oars in one boat, and four in the other, they pulled slowly away over that silent sea.

"Keep together, boys," commanded the captain. "We have plenty of provisions, and if the wind does not come up, we shall do well."

The crew of the smaller boat exchanged glances, and whispered among themselves, and Willie Page watched them narrowly. They did not attempt to step the small mast and raise the sail, for if they had done that, the boats must have parted company soon.

The crew of the smaller boat were hard cases, Lascars and Portuguese, men who would not have hesitated at any deed of violence to save their lives. The boy did not like their looks, and baffled several attempts to get further from the other boat by the quiet use of the tiller.

"What are you about?" growled Jan Diester, a Lascar, who sat on the thwart in front of him. "You'll be foul of the barge next."

"Then what do you back water for, while they pull hard with the starboard oars? Do you want to leave the captain's boat?"

"Every man for himself," growled the Lascar.

"No, Jan; if we must die, let us die bravely, not like cowards and dogs. Why, if we lost

them, what would they do for provisions and water?"

"What did the fools put it all into our boat for?"

"Because the barge was overloaded. I heard the captain say that he would make a change in the morning—put two or three more into this boat, and take out half of the provisions and water."

The men looked at one another savagely. Selfish hounds as they were, they would sooner have seen the other boat go down than have any change made. Will had half a mind to hail the captain's boat and speak to him, but as yet they had done nothing, and he had early imbibed the sailor's hatred of "peaching on his mates."

"Now, look here, Jan," he said, "understand me now, and don't blame me for what I do afterward. I don't intend to allow you to leave the barge, and the moment you offer to do it, that moment I hail the captain's boat, and tell him what you are trying to do."

"Wait until we try it," growled Jan.

"I mean to wait, and I hope that you don't intend it; but, I tell you once for all, that I don't like this whispering on your part."

Jan said no more, but pulled on sullenly, within two boats' length of the barge. A slight breeze began to ruffle the surface of the sea, and the men in the bow silently bent on the little sail, and prepared to raise the mast.

"What are you doing forward?" cried Willie. By way of answer, Jan caught him by the throat with a firm hand, and stopped the cry which would have broken from his lips.

"Keep silent, for your life," hissed the vile Lascar. "If you whisper, I will cut your throat from ear to ear."

The cabin-boy knew that he was doomed if he cried out, and he lay across the knees of the Lascar, with the cold blade of a knife pressed against his throat. The gig lay idly upon the water, while the men stepped the mast, and prepared to raise the sail. The man who had been sitting beside Jan Diester on the thwart took the tiller, another seized the sheet halyards, and another the peak, and the little sail went up; then, as the helmsman put the tiller over, the gig paid off, and began to glide slowly through the water, nearly at right angles to her former course. Willie saw that all was lost, and, regardless of his own danger, he shouted:



"Live or die, give your promise to a dying boy, who loves you all, that you will not cast lots."

"Aho! They are running away from you with the gig."

With a hoarse cry of rage, Jan Diester dashed his huge fist into the face of the boy, and throwing down the knife, caught the lad by the shoulder and waist, and hurled him into the sea. The dash of the cold water revived him, and he rose to the surface, paddling to keep himself afloat, and shouting at the top of his voice. A moment more, and he was dragged over the side of the barge, and they dashed on in pursuit of the flying gig. But what could they do, with a heavily laden boat, against the oars and sail of the light gig? She vanished in the gloom; but the punishment of heaven alighted on their guilty heads, for no man ever saw them more! The men in the barge desisted from their futile efforts, and rested panting on their oars, glaring in each other's faces.

No food; no water! Every ounce of the one and every drop of the other was in the boat which had fled. The night passed, the sun came up red and hot in the sky, and they saw no sail. Hopeless, forsaken, they floated on from day to day; and Willie Page, who had been badly injured by the brutal blows of Jan Diester, lay in the stern sheets, upon a pile of coats, growing weaker from day to day.

The days passed, those hot, burning days, without a cloud, or a drop of water to cool their parched tongues. Now and then they picked up some waif or stray upon the sea which the strong men could eat, and when some of them would have given their portion to the dying boy he refused it.

"No, mates, no. If I could eat it, I would not be so base as to rob you, who need it so much more than I do. I haven't got long to stay, mates; and, as I am dying, it makes my heart stronger to think that I have such good friends. I am dying, and I want a promise from you. Live or die, give your promise to a dying boy, who loves you all, that you will not cast lots. Join hands in a circle."

Brawny hands were clasped, and the feeble white hands of the cabin-boy were lifted, and completed the circle at either end.

"I have your promise, and I know that not a man in the boat will break it. Now let me lie down again, for I am tired."

Rough men were those who manned the barge of the Sea Swan, but not an eye in the boat but was dimmed, as they saw the brave boy dying day by day. They might suffer, and die, as the days went by. Skeleton forms, hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes were seen about the boat. They pulled by turns, and had hardly strength to change places on the thwarts to do it. Dying by inches, they remembered their promise to the cabin-boy, and not a man but swore in his secret heart to keep his oath.

But the end was coming. The men were so weak that they could scarcely keep their places on the thwarts; and Captain Barnes, as he looked at the pale little face upon his knee, thought that the boy was happier, dying thus,

than if he too bore the pangs of hunger. The captain had a little flask of spirits, with which he would have wet the pallid lips, as he had done from time to time, but the boy put it aside.

"Give it to the men," he said. "As for me, my hours are numbered. You will not forget the promise, boys?"

"Never," was the feeble response.

"You will be saved, you will see home and friends again," said the boy, raising himself upon the captain's knee, "and, if the spirits can come back, I will know it, and be glad. Ha! What is that, off the lee bow? A sail!"

A sail! And with that cry upon his lips, he fell back, dead. The eyes of the dying boy had not deceived him, for a sail was shining upon the distant horizon. They pulled for life or death, and two hours later the skeleton crew were lifted, man by man, to the deck of an Australian trader. And next morning, under the burning sun, the body of the cabin-boy was committed to the deep, there to rest until the "Sea gives up the dead which are in it."

## Those Circus Bills.

BY M. QUAD.

SHE had one in her hand as she came down stairs, and she didn't say a word until she had wiped her spectacles, placed them on her nose, unfolded the bill and read a few of the headlines.

She was old-fashioned in look. There were strings to her bonnet, she had no bustle, her gray hair was combed down smoothly, and there were only eleven yards in her black alpaca dress.

"Young man, don't you know that circuses are awful liars and humbugs," she finally inquired.

The man at the table leaned back and refused to express an opinion.

"Well, I know it is," she continued in a positive tone, "and I believe they git wuss every day. Now see here; listen to this: 'A gorgeous panorama of amazing wonders—a gigantic combination of acrobatic talent.' That's all right on the poster, but hev they got 'em? I'd like to see one of them animals."

"You are laboring under a mistake, madam. It means a grand display of natural curiosities, and informs the public that the proprietors have secured the services of many first class acrobats—the chaps who stand on their head, turn head over heels, and cut up so many monkey shins."

"It does eh?" she mused, "well, do you believe it takes a smart person to keel over?"

"Well, one has to have a good deal of training."

"They do, eh?" she remarked as she put her umbrella in the corner and spit on her hands; "I'll show you that you are deceived! I am an old woman, but if I can't—"

"Madam, hold, don't do it!" exclaimed the man behind the table.

"I can flip right over there, and never shake my bonnet," she said as she rose up.

"I know you can, madam, but do not. I am here alone—and I don't want you to. I'd rather you would not. If you are determined on it, I shall leave the room."

"Well, you know I can, and that's enough. You may be right about what that means; but see here—hear this: 'The highway ablaze with resplendent chariots—grandest pageant on earth.' I've been to lots of circuses, young man, and I never seen a pageant yet. If they had one, the door of his cage wasn't open."

"You are also in error there. The bill refers to the fact that the great number of wagons, chariots, etc., make up a sight worth seeing as they pass along the street."

"U-m-m," she muttered as she folded the bill over; "I don't see why they couldn't have said so. And now see here, read that: 'Sig. Govinoff in his aerial flights.' Now then is that a boa-constrictor or a condurango?"

"It is a man, madam—one of the performers. His real name is probably Jones, but that isn't grand enough, so they put him down as 'Sig. Govinoff.' He is the man who jumps off a rope, turns over twice and comes down all right."

"He is, eh? Well, if he has got an idea that he is the smartest man alive, I want to disappoint him. I never did try to turn over twice, but I will do it right here, or break my neck. Git the things off'n that table."

"Stay, madam—don't. I wouldn't have you do it for fifty dollars."

"Just once!"

"For heaven's sake, madam, get down off of this table—here—here is a dollar if you won't do it!"

"I don't want your money, and I won't do it if you are so scared; but I don't want no circuses coming around talking about their aryal flights and deceiving the people!"

She sat down, the young man wiped the sweat from his brow, and presently she remarked:

"And here is another thing, right here: 'A sparkling asterisk, flashing across the field of the cloth of gold—Mons. Gomerique in his great delineations of character.' I'd like to know who she is?"

"Madam, that's a man—a man who delineates character."

"How?"

"Why, he makes up faces—expresses mirth, sorrow, joy and so forth."

"He does, eh? Well, what is that to blow about? Make up faces—see here!"

And she shut her eyes, ran her tongue out and looked like the bottom of a brass kettle that had been kicked by a mule.

"They are humbugs, sir," she said as she drew her tongue in, "and do ye think that I would pay fifty cents to go to one?"

"They are quite entertaining as a general thing."

"They are, eh? Entertaining, eh? Well, if I can't do more entertaining in five minutes than they can all day—I will leave my bonnet up here! Here, hold this chair!"

"Madam, I earnestly hope you are not going to perform any tricks?"

"I ain't eh? You just hold on to the legs of this chair."

"I can't, madam—wouldn't do it for all the diamond pins in Syracuse! Go away, madam—go home! I am in an awful hurry."

"Well, I won't, then, and when I say circuses are humbugs I can prove it. I don't keep two cents for their big words and their panoplies, pageants, asterisks, giraffes, aryls, georgiouses, and orang-outangs—I can beat 'em all holler myself."

And she took off her spectacles, lifted up her umbrella, and went down stairs.

In taking a lady to the theater be sure not to discover that you have left your pocket-book till you get there, if you think you will enjoy the situation. This may not be politeness, but it is excusable.